Advertiſement.

LEtters of Love and Galantry, *and ſeveral other Subjects; All written by Ladies: With the Memoirs, Life and Adventures of a young Lady; written by her Self.*

VOL. I.

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OF
Love and Gallantry.
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VOL. II.

With a **DIALOGUE** between
LOVE and **REASON**:

SHEWING,
The Reaſonableneſs and Unreaſonableneſs of *LOVE*; The Nun's Letter to the Monk; Characters and Pictures of ſeveral Ladies and Gentlemen; with other Paſſionate Letters, that paſſed betwixt both Sexes, in Town and Country.

Dedicated to the **Beaux.**

London, Printed for *S. Briſcoe*, at the Corner of *Charles-ſtreet* in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*, 1694.

THE

Epiſtle Dedicatory

TO THE

BEAUX.

SInce we are ſatisfied of your Friendly readineſs to Publiſh our Favours, even before you have receiv'd 'em, we thought our ſelves oblig'd

by ſo much good nature, to give you once a juſt occaſion for't, and preſent you with our Letters. Some fill their Dedications with nothing but Apologys for their making 'em: Some cunningly place the name at the bottom of the Picture, to try if our Wit could gueſs at what they meant by the Daubing above: Others, as 'twere on deſign, write you aſleep in the beginning, to convince you they're in Love, as they tell you, at the latter end: while this Geographically Witty ever treats you with a Fool of ſuch or ſuch a Climate, and Tra-

vels

vels for buſineſs to Japan, *or* Arragon, *when God knows, and you may convince him, we have as much, as he can turn his hand to, at Home: Nay, ſome, tho' they were Addreſſing to you, would have the impertinence to bring in Latin and Greek. Thus all, like true Lovers, talk leaſt of the thing they come about: but we, skill'd in Men, are too ſenſible how pleaſing 'tis to know we are admir'd, to entertain you with any thing but your ſelves; and ſhall clear our ſelves from the Suſpicion of Flattery in ſuch*

Caſes, when you know our Complement to you is an account of a Quarrel that lately happen'd among us about you; and ſure you can't believe we flatter, when it comes to that: To make ſhort, meeting the other Day at—— after the uſual Entertainment of Modes and Dreſſing, we naturally fell into Diſcourſe of you; when each ſingled out her Man, and ſtrove to ſet him uppermoſt; one was prais'd for his way of Dreſs, another for the throw of his Periwig, this for a pretty Face, and and that for the Airy management

nagement of an ugly one: the Diſpute was hotly maintain'd a great while, but finding no end could be made in this, becauſe there was thought to be no Standard for Beauty; we unanimonſly reſolv'd to determine the buſineſs by their Writing: Much was ſaid on all hands, and many ſhrewd Criticiſms made: This Man's Verſes were arraign'd for Nonſence; and that many Plays for having in 'em more Bawdy than Wit.

Another's

Another's Songs were condemn'd for having nothing in 'em; but becauſe 'twas univerſal with ſuch Writers, the Remark was not taken notice of; She that accus'd 'em growing angry that She could not come in for her Share of abuſing, fell foul on the Author's Perſon, and ſaid that he mov'd by the ſame Rules that he Writ, that every thing was ſo ſtiff about him, that nothing was out of Form, and that there was nothing but Form, that he minc'd all his Words, to make 'em come fine from him: and

and to make us the better underſtand her the other day, ſaid She, when a common Man would have ſaid, 'Twas a rude thing, *turning to me, his Face and Body in one Motion,* Madam, *ſaid he,* I proteſt 'twas moſt diſingagingly done: *Was there ever ſuch an Ape? Nay, tho' he be the moſt ugly of them all, yet in his Songs is ever dying for Love. The Patient, She that admir'd him, cou'd hold no longer, but advanc'd to revenge the abuſe of his Perſon and Parts on her Head-dreſs; the reſt of us*

us thought our Cauſe as worthy Defending, and each drew out againſt her, that had abus'd it, when C——*coming in, put a ſtop to the War.*

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS

OF THE

Fair *Eloiſa*, a NUN,

AND

Abelard a MONK.

IN Order the better to underſtand all the Beauties of the following Letter, it is neceſſary to know the Characters of *Eloiſa* and *Abelard*, as alſo what ſort of Commerce they held together, and conſequently to give an Abridgement of both their Lives.

Abelard liv'd in the Year 1170. under the Reign of *Lewis the Young*, and was

very famous for his Wit and Gallantry. He is reported to be the Inventor of Scholastick Philosophy, which is a very difficult Amusement. Others say, that he was also the Author of the Romance of the *Rose*, a very agreeable description of Love. The said Romance being in Vogue to this very day, and the said Philosophy still profess'd, might suffice to give us a very great and Noble *Idea* of him. But besides that, he has shown in most of his Works, and in the whole Conduct of his Life, a surprising clearness of Mind, an Universal Capacity, a greatness of Soul which nothing could overcome, much delicacy in the Passions, and a great deal of firmness in his Misfortunes: In fine, that which composes the best and most Excellent part of the merit of great Men, is the true Character of *Abelard*.

Eloisa was a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, about Eighteen Years of Age, very Witty and Sprightly, who had Beauty enough to move the most Insensible: Her Parents being very Rich, resolv'd to add an extraordinary Education to those Natural Endowments. An Uncle of hers, who was Canon of the

Church

Church of *Paris*, apply'd himself most carefully about it; and as he Lov'd her intirely, he spar'd neither cost nor care to effect it; and prov'd so successful therein, that the World was fill'd with the Praise of his Niece's Beauty and Accomplishments.

Such Admirable Qualifications soon Captivated the Inclinations of all those that knew her. *Abelard* was one of the first that felt the Power of her Charms, and became passionately in Love with her. His Philosophy was not capable to defend his Heart against those Perfections he has describ'd himself under the Name of *Beauty* in his Romance of the *Rose*; neither did he in the least endeavour to contend with his Passion. On the contrary, being wholly taken up with his Love, he abandon'd himself intirely to it, and only study'd how to declare it to the Person he Ador'd. He being very well shap'd, Young, and having a high Reputation in the World, did not question but his Declaration would meet with all the Success he could expect, he tells us himself, *Tanti quippe tunc nominis eram, & juventutis & formæ præminebam, ut quamcunque feminarum*

noſtro dignarer amore, nullam vererer repulſam.
That whatever Woman he could hav
fallen in Love with at that time, he ha
reaſon to hope for every thing, and t
undertake all, without the leaſt fear of
Refuſal.

Being thus confident of ſucceſs, h
only long'd for an opportunity to mak
his Addreſſes to that Lovely Maid. H
flatter'd himſelf, that if he could once b
introduc'd into her Uncle's Houſe, b
ſome of his Friends, he would ſoon ob
tain the end of all his Wiſhes. He ap
ply'd himſelf immediately about it; an
the Friends he made uſe of, eaſily ob
tain'd what he deſir'd of *Fulbert*, (tha
was *Eloiſa*'s Uncle's Name) who wa
extreamly Covetous, and yet deſir'd no
thing ſo much as the advancement o
his Niece, by reaſon that he could no
poſſibly give her a better Maſter, or on
that was leſs ſelf-intereſted than *Abelard*
Therefore he receiv'd him joyfully int
his Houſe, and committed *Eloiſa* to hi
Tuition and Care, deſiring him, as
he had deſign'd to ſerve him in his Love
to take an abſolute Empire over hi
Niece, and to allow towards her Educa
tion all the time he could ſpare from th
Publick

Publick, to be with her Day and Night, to have a continual Eye upon her Conduct, and even to make use of the Authority he gave him, whenever he should find her remiss, or disobedient. *Fulbert* shew'd a simplicity without Example in all this; since that by confiding thus in young People, and furnishing them himself, with a thousand Opportunities; it was almost impossible for them not to fall in Love with one another. But the Uncle's affection towards the Niece was so strong and so blind; and *Abelard*'s Reputation was so well establish'd throughout the Kingdom, that not harbouring the least suspition of their Vertue, he thought himself absolutely secure.

Abelard, who easily promis'd whatever *Fulbert* requir'd of him, did not fail to improve the liberty he had of seeing the Lovely *Eloisa* at all convenient hours, and Moments. He acquainted her with his Passion. and did it so well, that she hearken'd to it with pleasure. It is easie to persuade a Young Maid about Eighteen to Love; and *Abelard* was too Charming, and had too much Wit, not to make a considerable progress in her

Heart in a ſhort time. She ſoon Lov'd him ſo tenderly that ſhe could no longer refuſe him any thing: Inſomuch that being wholly taken up by a thouſand Reciprocal Careſſes, in the injoyment of thoſe Delights the Paſſion he had inſpir'd her with afforded him, being continually with her, he often forgot his moſt ſerious and moſt Important Affairs. A Philoſopher in Love, is no wiſer than another Man; and however deſirous to preſerve his Reputation, he ſooner or later commits faults that are blam'd by every Body, though every Man would be guilty of the ſame.

The World ſoon perceiv'd this Intrigue between the Maſter and the Schollar, ſo great an Aſſiduity in their Converſation, together with the Tenderneſs and Paſſion that appear'd in all their Actions, ſoon diſcover'd that Philoſophy was not always their Theme.

Fulbert was the only Perſon that had no Eyes to ſee what every Body elſe perceiv'd; and whatever Advices he receiv'd about it, he was ſo prepoſſeſſed with a good Opinion of *Abelard* and *Eloiſa*'s Vertue, that it made no manner of impreſſion upon him. Finally our

Lovers

Lovers keeping no measures in their Love, things went so far through their imprudence, that the Uncle, being at last undeceiv'd, resolv'd to part them, to prevent the ill consequences of their Intrigue. But it prov'd too late, for *Eloisa* soon discovering something extraordinary in her self, she acquainted *Abelard* therewith, who thereupon came back immediately to *Paris*, and stole her by Night, in order to Marry her privately, until her Relations would allow it publickly.

Fulbert, who Lov'd *Eloisa* to that degree that he could not live without her, was extreamly troubl'd at her Flight; and being moreover very sensible of the affront *Abelard* had put upon him in abusing the Liberty he had given him, he was transported to that excess of Rage, that he swore to be reveng'd of him. *Abelard*, who was conscious of the Guilt, and could not forbear looking upon his own behaviour, as a piece of Treachery, resolv'd to go back to *Paris*, in order to use his utmost Endeavours to appease *Fulbert*'s Fury. To that end he made use of all the Entreaties, Submissions, and Promises he could think on. He begg'd of

him above all things to reflect on the force of Love, and on the Faults that that Tyrant of our Souls has often caus'd the greateſt Men to commit. *Fulbert* diſſembl'd his reſentment, and pretended to be overcome by his Reaſons, and to conſent to all. He even Embrac'd him cloſely, the better to deceive him, and to ſecure his own Revenge.

Abelard being overjoy'd at *Fulbert*'s conſent, went back to the place where he had left his Dear *Eloiſa*, whom he Marry'd; but with ſo much Repugnancy on that fair one's part, that it prov'd a very difficult Task to perſwade her. As her Sentiments were very nice, ſhe could not indure the neceſſity ſhe ſhould be under of Loving him, nor the injury he was going to do himſelf by Marrying her. She could not indure to think he ſhould be indebted to any thing for the Love ſhe bore him, but to Love it ſelf, and his Quality of Philoſopher ſeem'd to her ſo inconſiſtent with the deſign of Marrying her, that ſhe had rather a thouſand times be look'd upon as his Miſtreſs, than to become his Wife at the coſt of his Reputation and Glory. And whereas *Abelard* had repreſented to her,

that

that it would be the only way to appeaſe *Fulbert*'s Anger, and to avoid the Revenge he meditated; ſhe aſſur'd him that he flatter'd himſelf in vain, and that knowing her Uncle as well as ſhe did, ſhe could ſafely ſwear to him, that it was impoſſible to appeaſe him, and that ſooner or later he would endeavour to ruine him. However theſe Reaſons not being able to perſwade *Abelard*, ſhe yielded to his Deſires, only out of fear of diſpleaſing him by her reſiſtance. And it was not without Tears and Sighs that ſhe conſented to Marry a Man ſhe Lov'd beyond expreſſion, and by whom ſhe was as tenderly belov'd.

Eloiſa was not deceiv'd in the Opinion ſhe had of her Uncle. That Cruel Man ſtill perſevering in his deſign of Vengeance againſt *Abelard*, notwithſtanding his Marriage with his Niece, found means to corrupt one of his Servants to admit Ruffians into his Maſter's Chamber, who drawing near his Bed, while he was a aſleep, at one ſtroke divided the Man from the Lover. That Action was too black and too Tragical to remain unpuniſh'd. The Uncle's Eſtate was Confiſcated by a Decree from

the Court; and one of the Aſſaſſinats together with the Servant who had admitted him were Condemn'd to loſe their Eyes, and to ſuffer the ſame Puniſhment by the Hangman's Hand, which they had dared to attempt upon another. After ſuch a Misfortune, our Philoſopher in order to take ſuch meaſures as were moſt ſuitable to the wretched Condition to which he was reduc'd, lock'd himſelf up in a Monaſtery, and caus'd *Eloiſa* to retire into a Convent; and whither out of Jealouſie, or Love; engag'd her to enter into Orders, before he had reſolv'd to do the ſame himſelf.

In the mean time, to keep up the Reputation he had acquir'd of being the moſt Learned Man of *Europe*, he explain'd the Acts of the Apoſtles to the Monks of the Abby of St. *Dennis* among whom he liv'd. And happening to have an occaſion to ſpeak of that Saint, he chanc'd to ſay, whither accidentally, or out of a Capricio, *That* Denis *the* Areopagite *never was in* France. It is very well known, that to entertain any Sentiments in thoſe Days contrary to that of the Monks, was ſufficient to be reputed an Apoſtate or Heretick. Learning could

Autho-

Authorize nothing, and those who soar'd a little above the common level, as soon as it was known were forc'd to condemn themselves to a voluntary Exile to avoid the publick Persecution of the Monks. St. *Bernard* was one of those that declar'd against *Abelard*, not for the same reason for which the Monks of St. *Denis* did it, but only because so much Wit, joyn'd to a worldly conduct seem'd dangerous to him. He concluded, That *a Mans' Wit must needs be tainted, when the Heart was not pure.*

During this Storm; *Abelard* who really possess'd all the Qualifications that compose great Men, but yet was not so perfect as to be a Saint; incens'd by so many Misfortunes and Injuries, resolv'd to fly from the Monks, and to retire into a Desart near *Nogent*. The Learned were scarce in that Age, and the desire of Learning began to spread. For that reason *Abelard* was sought after in his Exile; and being found out, was loaden with Presents by those who were desirous to hear his Lessons. Those Presents were so considerable as to enable him to build a House, and a Chappel, which he Dedicated under the Name of *Paraclet*, the

first

firſt that ever had that Name in *France*: Which was repreſented by ſome as a Novelty which might have dangerous Conſequences, though in reality it was only a Monument of the Conſolations he had receiv'd from the Grace of God in that place, by a more ſerious application to his Study, and a more abſolute reſignation of his Miſtreſs. But Men of Merit, though never ſo retir'd are nevertheleſs expos'd to Envy. He was hardly well ſettl'd in his Solitude, when he was accus'd of Caballing. In order to juſtifie himſelf, he deſir'd leave to quit it, and intreated the Archbiſhop of *Troy*, to permit him to ſettle ſome Maids there, and to aſſign his Chapel and his Eſtate to them. This Settlement being promis'd, he ſent for *Eloiſa* to Govern the Monaſtery, which having committed to her Care, he retir'd elſewhere. Happy if he had ſtill been able to fly her.

It was during that abſence that a Letter which he wrote to a Friend near *Paraclet*, in which he gave him a large account of the Perſecutions he had endur'd, fell accidentally into the hands of that new Abbeſs. She open'd it, and finding a thouſand things in it, in which ſhe was highly

highly concern'd, she took an occasion from that to write the following Letter to him, to complain of his Conduct, and to ask him, Whether it was just for a Nice Lover to abandon her to the *false Idea's* which so long a silence might create in her. *That Letter* (says he who has Collected the Works of *Abelard*) *is very proper to shew how far a Woman is capable to carry the Sentiments of her Heart, when she joyns a Violent Passion to a good Education.*

Eloisa *to* Abelard.

Letter I.

'TIS to her Master, and to her Father; 'tis to her Brother, and to her Husband, that a Maid, a Daughter, a Sister, a Wife, and to include in one word, all that is Sublime, Respectful, Tender and free in those Names; 'tis to her *Abelard Eloisa* writes.

A Letter of Consolation written by you to a Friend, lately fell into my hands, Knowing the Character, and being in Love

Love with the Hand, my Heart joyning with my Curiosity, forc'd me to open it. To apologize for the Liberty I took, I flatter'd my self with the Sovereign Right I ought to have over all that comes from you, and I made a scruple to believe that there could be any Laws of Decorum I ought to observe when I had the means in my power to hear from you. But my Curiosity cost me very dear! What Anguish did it expose me to! And what could equal my Surprise when I found that Letter only contain'd a sad and long account of your Misfortunes! I found my Name a hundred times in it: I never met with it without fear: Some Misfortune ever follow'd it. I also read yours in it which was no happier. Those Fatal and Dear Idea's disturb'd me to that degree, that I thought you did too much to comfort a Friend, to whom you did write about some Inconsiderable Afflictions, in giving him a particular account of our Misfortunes and Crosses. Heavens! What Reflexions did I not make that moment? I began a new to reflect upon my self, I was seiz'd with the same Grief that overwhelm'd me when we began to be Unhappy.

happy. And though time ought to have leſſen'd the ſmart of our Misfortunes, ſeeing them written by your Hand, was ſufficient to make me feel it afreſh to the very bottom of my Heart. No, nothing will ever blot out of my mind what you have ſuffer'd to defend your Sentiments. I ſhall ever remember the Envy of *Alberick* and *Lotulf* againſt you. I ſhall for ever behold a Cruel Uncle, an Abus'd Lover, and an Aſſaſſinate. I ſhall never forget how many Enemies your Wit created you; and how many were jealous of your Glory. I will ever call to mind that high Reputation you had ſo juſtly acquir'd, which expos'd you to the Hatred and Malice of the Pretenders to Learning. Your Book of Divinity was publickly Condemn'd to the Flames. You were threatned with a perpetual Priſon. It was in vain for you to plead your Innocence, and to prove that you were impos'd upon, and that you were accus'd of things you had never ſaid, or thought. You Condemn'd them your ſelf, but yet all this avail'd nothing towards your Juſtification, they would needs have you to be an Heretick right or wrong. Thoſe two falſe Pro-

pher

phets, who inveigh'd so bitterly against you at the Council of *Rheims*, omitted nothing to ruine you. What Scandals did they not fix on the Name of *Paraclet* which you gave to the Chappel you did Build? What Storm did the Treacherous Monks you honour'd with the Name of Brothers, raise against you? That Chain of Misfortunes has drawn Blood even from the very bottom of my Heart. My Tears which I could no wise stop, have blotted part of your Letter. I could wish they had been able to blot out all the Characters of it in the same manner, to send it you back thus. If *I* could but have kept it a little longer it would have satisfy'd me; but it was taken too soon from me.

However, it is most certain, and I own it to you, that I was much Calmer before I had read it; but as soon as I had run it over, all my griefs renew'd. I have been too long, cry'd I, I have been too long without Complaining. Since the Rage of our Enemies is still alive; Since Time which commonly disarms the most mortal hatred, cannot disarm them; since your Virtue must needs be persecuted till the Grave serves you

you for a ſhelter, tho' perhaps even there their Rage will Rake your Aſhes, I will keep your misfortunes for ever preſent to my mind. I will publiſh them throughout the World, to diſgrace this Age that has not underſtood you. I will hope for nothing, ſince all things are againſt you; and that the World takes a delight in perſecuting your Innocence. What? my Memory ever full of your paſt Misfortunes; muſt I ſtill dread to ſee you involv'd in new ones! Muſt my Dear *Abelard* never be mention'd without Tears! Shall his Name never be pronounc'd without a Heart-breaking Sigh! Pray conſider the condition to which you have reduc'd me. Wretched, Afflicted, without the leaſt Conſolation, unleſs it comes from you. Therefore I do conjure you, do not refuſe it me; but give me a faithful Account of all that relates to you. I deſire to know it, tho' never ſo ſad or moving. Perhaps the mixture of my Sighs with yours will eaſe you, if it be true as it is commonly reported, that Afflictions that are ſhar'd by others, become the more Supportable.

Do not tell me for an excuse that you are willing to spare our Tears. The Tears of *Recluse Maids* in a Mournful abode of Penitence are not to be spar'd. Besides, should you tarry to write to us until you had some agreeable news to send us, you would tarry too long. Fortune seldom sides with the Virtuous; and she is so Blind, that it is not to be expected she should distinguish one Wise Man among a Crowd of Fools. Therefore write to us without expecting those kind of Miracles: They are too rare, and we are destin'd to too many Misfortunes to expect a Change. I propose to my self a world of satisfaction in opening one of your Letters, tho' it were only to convince me that you have not forgot me. *Seneca* (which you have often made me Read) was so sensible, tho' a *Stoick*, of that kind of Joy, that whenever he open'd any from *Lucilla*, he fancy'd he enjoy'd all the same pleasure, he did when with her.

I have observ'd since our absence, that we are much more delighted with the Pictures of those we love, when at a great distance from us, than when they are nearer. Nay more, the farther they

are

are from us, their Pictures seem to me to become the more like them: at least our Imagination, which draws them continually out of a desire to see them again, makes them appear so to us. By an effect which is peculiar to Love, vain Colours, and a little Cloth seem animated to us as soon as the belov'd object returns. I have your Picture, and never pass by it without stopping before it; whereas I hardly minded it when you were here. If Painting, which is but a mute representation of Objects, affords so much Pleasure: What Joys do not Letters Inspire? They are Animated; they speak; they have that *Genius* which Explains the Motions of the Heart; they Inclose within them the fire of our Passions; they make them as sensible as when we see one another; they express whatever we could say, that is Soft and Tender when we are together; and being sometimes somewhat bolder, they utter more.

We may write to one another; that Innocent Pleasure is not forbidden us. Let us not, by our own Neglect, lose the only satisfaction we have remaining, and which perhaps is the only one our Persecutors

ſecutors cannot deprive us of. I will ſay that you are my Husband; You ſhall behold me ſpeak like a Wife; and in ſpight of all your Misfortunes, you ſhall be whatever you pleaſe in a Letter. Letters were Invented for the relief of *Recluſe* Perſons like my ſelf: Having loſt the real Pleaſure of ſeeing and poſſeſſing you, I will find it again in ſome meaſure, in thoſe you ſhall write to me. I ſhall read your moſt ſecret Thoughts in them; I will carry them continually about me: Infine, if you are capable of any Jealouſie, let it only be by the Careſſes I ſhall make to them; and never grow a Rival unleſs it be to the happineſs of your Letters: And to avoid all manner of conſtraint, write to me without Application, and with Negligence. I would have your Heart ſpeak to me, and not your Wit. I cannot live unleſs you tell me that you love me ſtill. That Language muſt needs be ſo Natural to you, that I do not think you could utter any other to me without Violence: Beſides, it is very reaſonable you ſhould cloſe up thoſe Wounds, by ſome marks of a Conſtant Affection, which you have open'd again in my Soul, by the doleful account you gave

gave your Friend: Not that I blame the Innocent Artifice you have us'd to comfort one in Diſtreſs, by comparing his Miſery to a greater. Charity is Ingenious, and Praiſe-worthy in thoſe Pious ſlights: But do you not owe ſomewhat more to your ſelf than to that Friend, whatever Friendſhip you may have contracted with him? We are call'd your Siſters; we call our ſelves your Daughters; and if there were more engaging Terms in Nature we would uſe them to Expreſs our being devoted to you, as alſo what you owe unto us. Altho' a prudent Silence ſhould cloak our Juſt acknowledgments, this Church, theſe Altars, and theſe Places would declare it ſufficiently. But, without ſuffering Stones and Marble to ſpeak, I confeſs, and will ever be proud to tell the World, that you are the only Founder of this Houſe. Your coming to this place has render'd it famous, whereas it was only known before for the Robberies & Murders that were committed in it. It was a Den of Thieves and Rogues; but you have made it a Houſe of Prayer. Theſe Cloiſters are not beholding to publick Alms. The Sins of Publicans are not fix'd

fix'd on their Walls, nor their Vices build in their Foundations. The God whom we serve in this Place, beholds nothing there but Innocent Riches and Simple Maids, wherewith you have fill'd it. And therefore this young Plantation is wholly indebted to you for what it is: You ought to Cultivate it, and to afford it all your Cares: You ought to make it one of the principal applications of your Life. Although the Grace of Devotion seems to be intail'd upon it on all parts, by our Cloisters and our Vows: Tho' the points of our Grates are so many Bulwarks to defend the approaches of it; yet whereas the Bark is only cover'd in us, that sap of *Adam*, which rises imperceptibly in the Heart, produces Distempers, which wither, and absolutely ruin the Trees which seem to promise most, unless they be continually grafted. Virtue among us, remains ever grafted upon Nature, which is weak and Inconstant. To Plant the *Vine of the Lord*, is not an ordinary piece of work: it requires more than a Day; and when it is once planted, it requires all our application to preserve it. Does not the Apostle, as great a Workman

as

as he was, tell us, That he has Planted, that *Appollos* has Water'd, and that God has Bleſs'd the Work, and has made it to grow? *Paul* had planted the Faith among the *Corinthians*, by Holy and fervent Predications; *Apollos*, a zealous Diſciple of that Great Maſter, cultivated that Faith, by mild and frequent Exhortations; and the Grace of God, which their continual Cares ſolicited ſo powerfully to deſcend upon that People, anſwer'd their expectation.

This example ought to regulate your Conduct towards us, I am ſenſible that you are not idle; but tho' you Labour, you do not Labour for us. You Labour for People whoſe Thoughts are wholly bent on Earth, and never ſoar above it; and you refuſe your aſſiſtance to Perſons of a nicer Taſte, who are reeling, and do uſe their utmoſt endeavours not to fall. You throw the Riches of the Goſpel before Swine, in ſpeaking to People that are fill'd with the Riches of this World, and fatten'd with the juice of the Earth; and at the ſame time neglect Innocent Sheep, who, as nice as they are, would follow you into Deſarts and over Mountains. Why do you

Labour

Labour so much for ingrateful Persons and forget poor Maids, who would never think themselves sufficiently grateful. Must I be afraid to speak in my own Name, and must I imploy other Prayers than my own, to obtain something of you? The *Augustins*, *Tertullians*, *Jeromes* have written to *Eudoxa's*, *Paula's* and *Melanie's*; and when you read those Names, tho' Saints, can you forget mine? Would it be a crime for you to direct me like *St. Jerome*, to Preach to me like *Tertullian*, and to discourse of Grace to me with *St. Augustin*? Your Learning and your Sence ought not to be a barren Soil for me. In writing to me, you writ to a Wife: a Sacrament has render'd that Commerce lawful: And since it is in your Power to satisfie me without committing the least scandal, why should you not do it? I have a barbarous Uncle, whose Inhumanity only serves to indear you to my Heart. It serves me instead of all, that the tenderness and remembrance of our Pleasures could inspire us with, to make us love each other. You are no longer to be fear'd, do not fly me. Hearken to my Sighs, your being a Witness of them

will

will suffice. If I have put my self into a Cloister out of Reason, perswade me to tarry in it out of Devotion. You are the cause of all my Sufferings, how should another ease me.

You must needs remember, for those that have lov'd can never forget, with what delight I spent whole Days in hearing you? How I us'd to steal away from every body, when we were not together, to write to you? What disquiets did a *Billet* cost me, before it came to your hands? And what shifts were we reduc'd to, to gain People to be our Confidents? I am sensible these particulars do surprize you. You dread to hear the sequel; but I do no longer blush at it, since my Passion for you has no bounds. I have out-done all this for you this day; I have hated my self to love you. I have lost my self here to make you live in quiet. Nothing but Virtue joyn'd to a Passion, free from sensuality, could produce such Effects. Those who love Pleasure, love the Living, not the Dead. We are soon weary of Burning for those that are no longer in a condition to burn for it. My cruel Uncle was sensible of this. He imagin'd that being like other Women,

I lov'd your Sex better than your Per-
fon, but his Crime is vain. I love yo
more than ever, I am reveng'd of him
by overwhelming you with all my floo
of tenderneſs. If the Paſſion I formerl
had for you, was not ſo pure as it is
preſent; If at that time the Mind an
Body divided in me the pleaſure of lo
ving you; I have told it you a thouſan
times, I have always been more pleas
with the poſſeſſion of your Heart, tha
with the enjoyment of all that which
is the object of the Felicity of our Sex,
and of all what was in you, Man wa
not that which pleas'd me moſt.

You ought to be ſufficiently convinc'd
of it, by the great repugnancy I ex-
preſs'd for Marriage. For tho' I was ſen-
ſible that Name was Auguſt among Men
and Holy in Religion, the thought of
ceaſing to be free by it, hindred me from
finding any charms in it. The Bonds of
Marriage, tho' never ſo Honourable,
are attended with a neceſſary Ingage-
ment, whoſe ties ſeem to ravith the Glo-
ry of Loving; and I was deſirous to free
a Man, who perhaps would not always
love me, from the neceſſity of loving. I
deſpis'd the name of Wife, to live happy
with

with that of a Mistriss. Those nicetyes of a Maid who lov'd you, with so much tenderness, and yet not so much as she desir'd, were not unknown to you, since you entertain'd your Friend with them in the Letter I have surpriz'd. You told him very well, that I found nothing but what was very insipid in all those publick Engagements, that form Bonds which nothing but Death can break, and create a dismal necessity of Life and Love: but you did not add, that I have protested to you a thousand times, that it was infinitely more pleasing to me to live with *Abelard* as his Mistress, than to be Empress with *Augustus*; and that I preferr'd the happiness of obeying you, before the captivating of the Master of the Universe Lawfully. Riches and Grandeur are none of the Charms of Love. A real Passion divides the Lover from what is not himself, and lays aside his Fortune, his Rank, his Imployments, to consider him only.

Those, who seek for an Estate and Dignities, in the cold embraces of a careless Husband, do not Love. They aim much more in such a Marriage, to satisfie their Ambition than their Love.

I grant that such a mercenary Engagement may be attended with some Honour and Fortune; but I can never believe, that it is possible thus to enjoy the sensible Pleasures of a tender Union, or to feel the secret and charming emotions of two Hearts, that have been long in search of each other to unite themselves. The Martyrs of Marriage hourly sigh for better settlements, which they think they have lost. The Wife sees Husbands richer than her own. The Husband, Wives with better Fortune than his. Mercenary Engagements create Regrets, and those Regrets Discord. They design to be parted, or at least they wish it. That insatiate devouring desire, is the Avenger of Love, which they injure in expecting to meet a happiness by Love, besides Love it self. If there be any real Felicity on Earth, I am perswaded, that it is only to be found in the Union of two Persons, who love each other with freedom, whom a secret Inclination has joyn'd, and whom an equal Merit has satisfy'd. Then there is no vacuity in their Hearts. All is at rest there, because all is contain'd.

Could

Could I believe you were as well perſuaded of my Merit, as I am of yours, I would tell you, that there was a time in which we might have been reckon'd in the number of thoſe Happy ones. Ah! How could I chuſe but be perſuaded of your Merit? Tho' I had been willing to queſtion it; the univerſal Eſteem the World had for you, would have convinc'd me. Is there a Country, Province or City, that has not deſir'd to have you? Did you ever remove from any place, without being attended with the Heart and Eyes of thoſe you left behind you? Every body was proud of ſaying, *I have ſeen* Abelard *to day.* The very Women, notwithſtanding the rigid Laws the World has impos'd upon them, could not forbear expreſſing, that they felt ſomething for you beyond common Eſteem. I have known ſome, who prais'd their Husbands exceedingly and yet were jealous of my Joys, and ſhow'd ſufficiendy that you might have expected every thing from them. And indeed, who was capable to reſiſt you? Your Reputation which flatter'd the Vanity of our Sex; Your Air; Your Behaviour; Thoſe lively Eyes in which your Soul

was so admirably Drawn; Your Conversation, which a natural simplicity and delicacy render'd so agreeable and insinuating; In fine, every thing spoke in favour of you. Very different, in that from those who by knowing too much, have not Art to trifle agreeably; and who with all their Wit cannot gain the Heart of Women, who have not near so great a share of it as they.

With what Ease did you compose Verses? and yet those learned Amusements which only serv'd to refresh you after a more serious Study, are the Delight of the most Ingenuous; and there are none among them, who do not judge you worthy of that *Rose* you have so ingeniously explain'd. Even the most inconsiderable Songs, and other Trifles you have written for me, have a thousand Charms, and a thousand Beauties in them: I will make them last, while Love endures. Thus what you only design'd for me, will be Sung for others; and those Words, so natural and so tender, which were witnesses of your Love in slight Verses, and little Songs, will serve others to explain themselves much better than otherwise they could have

have done. How many Rivals have those kind of Gallantry's created me? How many Beauties have endeavour'd to apply them to themselves? It was an Homage which Self-Love render'd to their Charms. How many I have seen who declar'd themselves for you by their Sighs, when they were told, after an ordinary Visit you had made them, that they were the Silvia's of your Verses? Others out of despair have often reproachfully told me, That I had no other Beauty but what your Verses gave me, nor any advantages over them, but that of being belov'd by you. Notwithstanding Self-Love, which is so natural in all Women, I thought my self happy in a Lover to whom I was indebted for all my Charms; and I was transported with Joy to think, that I was serv'd by a Man, who had the power to make a Goddess of his Mistriss. Flattering my self with your Glory, I read, with complaisance, the Charms you gave me, and often without consulting, found my self what you were pleas'd to speak me, the better to please you.

But alas! that time is past; I now weep for the loss of my Lover, and the

only thing that is remaining of all my Joys; is but a Remembrance which kills me. You who were jealous of my happiness, know that he whom you envy'd me, is no longer for you, nor for me. I have lov'd him; my Love is his Crime, and has occasion'd his Ruine. My small Perfections had charm'd him; pleas'd with each other, we liv'd happy, and quietly, and past'd the fairest of our Days: If it was a Crime to live this, that Crime pleases me still; and my only Despair is to find my self Innocent. But my misfortune is to have had unjust Parents, whose Rage and Hatred have disturb'd the Calm in which we liv'd. Had those Barbarians call'd back their Reason, I should now be in quiet with my Husband. What cruelty could equal theirs, when a blind Fury ingag'd them to hire a Murtherer to surprize you asleep? Had I been with you, I should have defended you at the cost of my own Life: My Cries alone would have stopp'd his Arm. But in this place Love is offended, and my Modesty joyn'd to my despair, stops my Tongue. It is not proper for me to lay all I think upon that Subject; and though it were law-

I could not do it. Besides, there is great deal of Eloquence in silence, when misfortunes are too great to be expres'd.

Tell me only, for this is one of my greatest afflictions, why you have begun to neglect me, since my Profession? You know that I had no other inducements for it but your misfortunes, nor other consent for it but what you gave me. Let us hear the Cause of your coldness, or at least permit me to discover my Thoughts to you. Is it not, perhaps, that Pleasure only was your aim, in applying your self to me, and that my Passion which left no room for Desires in you, has diminish'd your Flame? Thou didst please unfortunate Elisa, when thou didst not desire to please: thou didst deserve assiduites, when thou oughtst to have rejected them, and Incense, when thou didst push back the Arm that offer'd it to thee. But since thy Heart has suffer'd it self to be mov'd; is grown soft, and has surrender'd it self; since thou hast sacrific'd thy self; since thou hast bury'd thy self alive, thou art forsaken, thou art forgotten. A woful Experience has convinc'd

me, that People fly those they are too much oblig'd too, and that the greatest Favours sooner create coldness in Men, than Gratitude. And indeed, this weak Heart made too slight a defence to be long dear to you. You took it with ease, you quit it in the same manner. But ingrateful as you are, I will never consent to it; and tho' I ought not to have a Will in this place, I have nevertheless preserv'd that of being belov'd by you. In pronouncing my sad Vows, I had the *Last Billet* you writ to me about me; by which you assur'd me, you would ever be mine, and that you would only Live to Love me. Therefore it was to you I offer'd my self: You had my Heart: I had yours, do not require any thing back from me, and suffer my Passion, as a thing that is yours, and which you cannot part from.

Alas! How weak am I to talk thus? Our Object here is a God, and I only speak of a Man: You force me to it, Cruel! by your behaviour: You are the only cause of my fault. False Man! Was it Just thus to cease to love me all of a sudden? Why did you not deceive me awhile, instead of abandoning

ng me absolutely? Had you only gi-
en me some weak signs of a dying Pas-
on, I should have endeavour'd to de-
eive my self, to believe you had some
onstancy. But after the rate you use
e, what Opinion can I have of you?
What can I think of a forgetfulness like
ours? And by a forgetfulness of this
ature, do not you even take away from
ne all means of writing to you? I passi-
nately desire to see you; but if I am
orbidden to hope it, I will content my
elf with a few Lines from your hand.
s it then so hard a task to write to what
ve love, if it be true that you still love
me? I desire none of your learned Let-
ers, on which your Reputation de-
ends, I only desire some of those *Billets*
hat proceed from the Heart; which the
Pen can hardly follow, and Wit has no-
hing to do with. How was I deceiv'd,
when I thought you wholly mine, in
receiving the *Veil*, and by engaging my
self to live Eternally under your Laws.
For in making my Vows, I only meant
to be entirely yours; and I voluntarily
submitted to the desire you expres'd to
see me lockd up for ever. Therefore,
nothing but Death, can make me
abandon

abandon the place in which you plac'd me. Nay my very Ashes will remain in it, in expectation of yours, or the longer to shew you my Obedience. Why should I conceal the secret of my Vocation? You know it; it was neither my Zeal nor my Devotion that plac'd me in a Cloister. Your Conscience is too faithful a Witness of it for you to disown it. Yes, it was the Flesh and not the Spirit, that transported me into this place. I am in it; I Live in it; I remain in it; an unfortunate Love, and cruel Parents condemn me to it; and if I have not the continuation of your Cares, if I lose your Friendship, what will be the Fruit of my Prison? What recompence can I hope for? The unfortunate consequences of a Criminal Conduct, and your particular Disgraces, have cover'd me with a chaste Habit, but not with the sincere Desire of a real Repentance. Thus I combat and labour in vain. I am among the Spouses of a God, the Servant of a Man; Among the generous Slaves of his Cross, the weak Captive of a prophane Love. I am at the head of a community of Nuns, only devoted to *Abelard*. My God! Why

do

do you not direct me? Is it your Grace that makes me ſpeak theſe Words, or is it only my Deſpair that forces them from me? At leaſt I feel my ſelf in the Temple of Chaſtity only cover'd with the Fire that has Inflam'd us. I view my ſelf in it, I confeſs like a Sinner; but one who far from weeping for her Sins, only weeps for her Lover, and who through a weakneſs unworthy of her preſent condition, only calls to mind her paſt actions, not being able to reflect on any others.

Oh Heavens! What diſmal Reflexions are theſe? I upbraid my ſelf with my faults, I accuſe you of yours: and why all this? *Veil'd* as I am what diſorders do you occaſion? It is a cruel task always to ſtruggle for Duty againſt Inclination. I am very ſenſible of what I owe to the *Veil* that covers me; but I feel much better yet, what a long habit of Loving can effect on a ſenſible Heart. I am ſubdu'd; I am Vanquiſh'd by my Inclination. My Paſſion diſorders my Mind and Will. One Moment I liſten to the Sentiments of Piety that ariſe within me, and the next I ſuffer all the Charms of my Tenderneſs to Reign in my

my Imagination. I tell you now a thousand things I would not have told you yesterday. I was resolv'd no longer to Love you; I consider'd that I had made Vows; that I was *Veil'd*, dead, and as it were buried; But there arises by degrees from the bottom of my Heart a Trouble which destroys all those Sentiments, and clouds my Reason and my Piety. You Reign in Places so conceal'd, and so Imperceptible in that Heart, that I cannot attack you in them; and when I think of breaking the Bonds that Engage me to you, I flatter myself, and all the efforts I am capable of, only serve to tie 'em closer. Oh! for pity sake, assist a Wretch to renounce her desires, her self, and you if Possible. If you are a Lover, if you are a Father, Succour a Mistress, Comfort a Daughter. Cannot those Names, those Tender Names, move you? Yield, Oh yield, to pity, or to Love! If you consent to it, I am ready to be *a real Nun*, and will no longer prophane my Vocation. I am ready to humble my self with you before the Riches of the Providence of my God, who makes use of all things for our Sanctification, who through

through an effect of his Grace purifies whatever is Vicious and Corrupted in our Principles, who through an abundance of Inconceivable Mercy, worthy of him alone, almost forces us, and opens our Eyes to give us a glimpse of so many favours which we refus'd to know.

I design'd to end here; but while I am angry with you, I must disburthen my Heart, and tell you how far it suspects, how much it Upbraids you. I must needs confess to you, that it shook my very Soul to find, that, after we had both resolv'd to consecrate our selves to God, you engag'd me to do it, before you. What? *said I*, does he fear to see the Example of *Lot's* Wife, who look'd behind her in quitting *Sodom*, reviv'd in me? If my Youth, and my Sex, could make you fearful that I might go back to the World, especially *Paris* not being yet on Fire, nor reduc'd to Ashes, my Behaviour, my Fidelity, and this Heart, which you too well knew, ought to have cur'd you of all those sorts of Suspicions. That suspicious Precaution touches me sensibly. What? cry'd I, heretofore my bare word suffic'd to assure him, and

now

now can nothing less than a God and Vows secure him that I will be true.

What cause have I ever given him to suspect me of the least Fickleness? I never refus'd to meet him at all his Rendezvous; and should I scruple to follow him in Houses of Sanctity! What? I who have made my self the *Victim* of pleasure to satisfie him, could I have refus'd to be an *Oblation* of Honour to obey him! Has Vice then such Charms over well-born Souls, that after having drank in the *Cup* of Sins, one could not receive the *Chalice* of Sanctity without regret? Or else did you think your self a better Master for Vice than for Virtue? Did you think that it was Easier to persuade me to the first than to the latter? No, that doubt would be too Injurious to us both. Virtue is too beautiful not to Embrace it where it is met; and Vice is too Ugly not to shun it, when you make it known. All things are Charming to me which you desire: Nothing is dreadful or difficult to me when you appear. I am only Weak when you do not guide me: Therefore 'tis in your Power to mould me as you please. Had you any thing to fear, you would be

less

ess Negligent. I have done too much, and I must now Triumph over your Ingratitude. While we Liv'd happy, you might have reason to doubt, whither it was not Pleasure that Engag'd me to you, rather than Friendship. But now the Place from whence I write decides it. I Love you here at least as much as I did in the World. Had I been in Love with Voluptuousness, after your Misfortune, I might easily have found wherewith to have satisfy'd my self. I was then but 20 Years of Age, and there were still Men enough remaining whom I might have hop'd to please; but *Abelard* was gone, and I desir'd no other: Therefore 'tis only for your sake, that in an Age so proper for Love, I Triumph over Love it self, by burying my self alive in a Monastery. It is to you I Dedicate these remainders of Beauty which the Solitary Days and Nights I pass hasten to Ternish: But since you cannot Enjoy them, I take them back from you, to offer them to God, and thus make him a second Present of my Heart, of my Days, and of my Life.

I enlarge a little too much in this Place, and I ought not to put you so much

much in mind of your Misfortunes, and of what I suffer for your sake. We Ternish the Splendor of the greatest Actions when we make the Tedious Panegyrick of them our selves; But that when we are to deal with Persons who are doz'd by a base Ingratitude we can never repeat what we have done for them too much. Were you of that Number that Reproach would tell you a World of things. But I do not direct it to you, lest you should prove one of them. Wavering as I am, I am sensible that I love you still. However I can hope for nothing. I have renounc'd Life. Yet tho' depriv'd of all, I feel that I have not renounc'd *Abelard* in losing my Lover. I preserve all my Love in a Monastery, where I keep all my Vows. Our Rigid Laws have not depriv'd me of Humanity. You have not turn'd me into Marble by making me change my Habit. My Heart is not harden'd, tho' you are absent from me. I am as sensible as I was heretofore, and yet I ought no longer to be so. Suffer, without blemish to your Empire, that my Lover may Exhort me to Live under your Laws. Your Yoke will be Lighter, if

his

is Hand supports it. Our Exercises ill become Lovely to me, if he will ouchsafe to shew me the Usefulness of hem. Retirement, Solitude, you will e no longer dismal, If I may hear that have a place in his Remembrance. Heart that has been so sensible as ine cannot easily resolve to grow In- fferent. We Hate, we Love, several mes before we can attain Tranquility; nd we still preserve some distant hopes f not being absolutely forgotten.

Yes, *Abelard*, I do conjure thee, by he Chains I drag in this Place, to ease he weight of them, and to render them s pleasing to me as I could wish them. ive me Maxims of holy Love. After aving quitted thee, I am proud of be- ng the Spouse of a God; my Heart a- ores that Title, and disdains all others. Teach me how that Divine Love is bred, haintain'd, and purifies it self more and more. When we were both in the Sea f this World, your Vein was continu- lly Imploy'd to acquaint the World with our Joys and Pleasures; But now we are in the Harbor of Grace, is it not rea- onable you should speak with me of my Happiness, and teach me what may In-

crease

creaſe it? Have the ſame complaiſance for me in my preſent Condition, as you had in the World. Without changing our Hearts, let us change our Object. Laying aſide prophane Songs, let us ſing Divine Hymns. Let us Elevate our Hearts to God; and let us have no Tranſports, but for his Glory.

I expect this from you, as a thing you cannot refuſe. Heaven has a peculiar Right over the hearts of the Great Men he has form'd. Whenever he touches them he Tranſports them, and they Languiſh for, and talk of nothing but him. Until that moment of Grace arrives, think on me, and do not forget me; Remember my Affection, my Fidelity, and my Conſtancy. Love me Miſtreſs, Cheriſh a Daughter, a Siſter, a Spouſe. Conſider that I love you ſtill, and that I Combat no longer to Love you. Heaven! What a word is this! What deſign? I Tremble; my Heart Revolts againſt my Words, and being ready to blot them out, I conclude this long Letter, bidding you, if you deſire it (and would to God I could do it myſelf) Farewel for Ever.

My

My Lady C—— *to her Cousin* B— *of the* Temple, *Esq;*

After having received from him a Copy of Verses on her Beauty.

LETTER II.

Cousin,

I Received yours with the Verses enclosed, and here return you my hearty thanks for the Face, the Shape, the Meen, which you have so generously bestow'd upon me. From looking upon your Verses I went to my Glass, but Jesu! the difference, tho' I bought it to Flatter me, yet compared to you, I found it a Plain-Dealer. It shew'd me immediately, that I have been a great deal more beholden to you, than I have been to Nature; for she only formed me not frightful, but you have made me Divine. But as you have been a great

great deal kinder than Nature has be
to me: I think my self obliged in requ
tal, to be a good deal more liberal th
Heaven has been to you, and to allo
you as large a share of Wit, as you ha
given me of Beauty. Since so hone
a Gentleman as your self, has stretche
his Conscience to commend my Perso
I am bound in Gratitude to do violenc
to my Reason to extol your Verse
When I left the Town, I desir'd you t
furnish me with the News of the Place
and the first thing that I have receiv'd
from you, is a Copy of Verses on m
Beauty, by which you dextrously infer
that the most extraordinary piece o
News which you can send me, is to te
me that I am handsom: by which in
genious inference you had infallibly
brought the scandal of a Wit upon you,
if your Verses had not stood up in
your justification. But (tell me, Cou
sin), Could you think I should prove
so easy a Creature, as to believe all that
you have said of me? How could you
find in your Heart to make such a fool
of me, and such a cheat of your self,
to intoxicate me with flattery, and
draw me into truck my little stock

of

of Wit and Judgment for a meer imagination of Beauty, when the real thing too falls infinite short, of what you would make me exchange for the fancy of it? for (Cousin) there is this considerable difference, between the merit of Wit and Beauty, that Men are never violently influenc'd by Beauty, unless it has weakened their Reason, and never feel halfe the force of Wit, unless their Judgments are sound; the principal time in which those of your Sex admire Beauty in ours, is between Seventeen and Thirty; that is, after they are past their Innocence, and before they are come to their Judgments: and have not you now (Cousin) been commending a very pretty quality, to admire which, as I have just shewn you, supposes, not only a corrupted Will, but a raw understanding: besides, How frail, How transitory is it! Nature deprives us of it at Thirty. If Diseases spare it till then; by which constant proceeding she seems to imply, that she gives it as a Gugaw, to please us in the Childhood of our Reason, and takes it from us, as a thing below us, when we come to years of discretion. Thus

Cousin,

Cousin, you have been commending quality which hath nothing of true M rit in it: and of which I have no gre ter a share, than to keep me from bei scandalous. So that all that I could ha got by your kindnesse, if I had part with my Judgment, in order to reap benefit of it, had been nothing b wretched Conceit, and ridiculous A fectation. If I thought you had enou of the Gallant Man in you, to take wh I say in good part, I would advise y to engage no further in Poetry. ruled by a Woman for once, and mi your *Cook upon Littleton*: rather Pertin than Flatter. For if you are resolved be a Cheat, you will shew at least so Conscience, in choosing rather to chow People of their Money, than to bubb them of their Understanding: Besid Cousin, you have not a Genius whic will make a great Poet, and be pleas to consider, that a small Poet is a sca dalous Wight, that indifferent Vers are very bad ones, and that an inspi Panegyrick upon another, is a sever Libel on your self. Besides, there wi start up a Satyrist, one day, and then woe be to cold Rhymery: Old *Engl*

not yet so barren, but there will a-
ise some generous Spirit, who, besides
stock of Wit, and good Sence (which
re no very common qualities) will not
nly be furnished with a sound Judg-
ment, which is an extraordinary Talent,
ut with a true Taste for Eloquence and
Wit, which is scarce any where to be
ound, and which comprehends, not
nly a just discernment, but a fine Pe-
etration, and a delicate Criticism; such
Satyrist as this, Cousin, must arise,
nd therefore, you had best take care
by a judicious silence, that whenever he
ppears, he may be sure to divert you,
and not afflict you.

I Am

From a Lady in the Country, to a Gentleman in Town.

Letter III.

Dear, tho' unkind, SIR,

HAD the Torment of Separation been equal on both sides, you could not have forgot me so long, nor continued silent to my melancholy Complaints. Absence, is one of the hardest Penalties Love has to undergoe; and would be intolerable, were it not eas'd by the Comfort of mutual Letters; which since I have been so long bereav'd of, I leave it to your self to imagine (if you have a Heart like mine to judge by) How disconsolately I spin out the tedious Hours of weary Life; for since the only Comfort the World affords me, is Absent, What can I find that it should be worth while to live for? since my Life is no longer valuable to me, than 'twill be pleasing to you. There are a Thousand Thoughts conspire against

gainſt a Lovers Quiet, and every thing contributes to make Abſence unhappy. How often upon the fear of your Unconſtancy, have I ſate down and wept at the Imagination, then pleaded the cauſe of Love between us, and perſuaded my eaſie Heart, that you would ne'r be falſe? How often have Sigh'd at the dreadful apprehenſion, that ſome more happy Lover had taken you from the Thoughts of me? Then lookt into my Heart upon your lovely Image, and fancy'd 'twas ſtill the ſame, ſtill conſtant and loving as before? Thus do I plead in your behalfe, and ſtudy to convince my Heart, that our Loves will never have an end but with our Days; thus do I wear away the tedious Days, taking delight in none, but in the hopes of that which will let us meet again, and make me once more happy,

Who am

Your entirely

Affectionate, and Conſtant Lover.

The Sorrows of our Abſence have made me Poetical.

I.

HOW well I always Lov'd you know,
Since first your Charms did move;
But what for you I undergoe,
None knows but I and love.
Could you but see the endless smart
Which wretched Cælia bears,
Those Eyes which set on fire her Heart,
Would quench it with their Tears.

II.

But distance from her Love keeps
Poor Cælia's in cruel pain,
And she laments, and Sighs, and weeps,
His Absence, but in vain.
The doom you gave my Heart to prove,
I know have doubled found.
You only left it burnt in Love,
But now in Tears 'tis Drown'd.

From a Lady to a Gentleman, who after a long Converſe with her, and Promiſes of an entire and laſting Affection, was going to be Married to another.

Letter IV.

Dear Sir,

FOR how can I forget thoſe ſoft Names by which my Affection has taught me to call you; or how can I alter my Language ſince I have never known how to ſpeak to you in any, ſince our firſt Converſe, but that of Love? But poſſibly now you underſtand it not, or are willing to forget that e'er you did; and cannot bear the Remembrance of that unfortunate Woman, whoſe Crime was not that ſhe Lov'd, but that ſhe

Lov'd too well. Yet I ſhall not at all complain of your Unkindneſs, nor tax you with falſhood for breaking Promiſes which, may be, you ne'r intended ſhould be kept; but bend all my loud Sorrows againſt the Injuſtice of my Fate, which has given me ſo large a ſtock of Love, and been ſo ſcanty in Deſerts, as not to allow me wherewithal to merit a Return. Nor can I blame your new Choice, being a Perſon every way Meritorious; yet give me leave, when I hear ſhe is in Poſſeſſion of that Happineſs which I was ſo frail to hope once would be mine for ever, give me leave to Sigh to my ſelf, and ſay to my Heart with a relenting Thought, Is this the end of all my glorious Hopes? and are my delightful Expectations terminated thus? Muſt my entire Affection ſerve for nothing but an Inſtrument of my Miſery, and was my Paſſion ever true, only that *I* might be made Eternally unhappy? Then if my crowded Sorrows break forth in Tears, give me leave to mourn to my ſelf, and deny me not the Privilege of Grief, who have for ever taken from me all hopes of Joy; My Sighs will not reach your happy Ears, nor diſturb the peaceable

Enjoyment

Enjoyment of your new Love; nor do I desire they should; there is some satisfaction even in being unhappy, since it pleases you I should be so; and I will study to bear my Misery with what Patience I can, since you have thought fit to Doom me to it, and ever acknowledge that there is a Crime in loving too well: The worst Wish I have for you, is, that the Lady may Love you as well as I did, and when you find your self happy in such Affection, give me leave to hope, that sometime or other you will think, (however our cruel Stars ordain'd it) that such a Lover deserv'd a Better Fate; and if ever you cast away a Thought upon so Unfortunate a thing as my self, remember that as I always Lov'd you above the World, so I must continue to my Grave

Your still Constant,

tho' Unhappy, Lover.

Phryne *to* Eugenia *again* Marriage.

Letter V.

I Receiv'd yours, my *Eugenia*, by the laſt Poſt, in which you give me an Account of the Addreſſes of *Lyſander*. You might have ſpar'd your Character of him; he's too well known to our Sex in this City to want his Picture to be ſent us out of the Country; his Wit, his Gaiety, fine Perſon, and all his other Accompliſhments have made more, than you, ſigh for him in ſpight of his being Married. Whatever Sentiments a Lady has of the Addreſſes of a Married Man, before ſhe ſees him, ſhe yet wiſhes for thoſe of *Lyſander*, as ſoon as ſhe beholds or hears him ſpeak. You have therefore a happineſs beyond thouſands in having captivated his Heart, and if you deny your ſelf the uſe of it, you owe your own

own Misery to your own foolish and capricious humour. Ah! How many Ladies of my Acquaintance sigh for, and have in vain endeavour'd to gain that Advantage, Fortune has voluntarily thrown into your Arms! But he's Married you say, and therefore you can't be happy, you can't Enjoy your Wishes without a Crime; you can't be his Wife, and you resolve you'l not be what you disdain to Name. *I* know not what influence Custom may have on you; but I'm not at all mortified at those ignominious Notions the Vulgar have, of having an Intrigue with a Man without the Priests Licence. For my part, *Eugenia*, *I* think the desire of Marriage is more Unreasonable and Unnatural, than that of Traytors, for 'tis immediately, and knowingly to conspire against our own *Liberty*, and *Happiness*. *Love* sows the gilded Paths of Youth, with a thousand soft and melting Pleasures; but Marriage comes, and with one fatal blast blows them all away, and it makes us Old in the very dawn of Youth; for not to Love is to be Old, and to Marry is the certain way not to Love. If Love's a Golden Dream, why should we quit the

dear Deluſion, (when in our own power to avoid it) to Wake to Horror, Miſery, and Diſtraction? That is, why ſhould we Marry? 'Tis true, we read in Novels, and Romances of Lovers faithful, and conſtant, nay obſtinate Adorer of the Wiſhing fair one, in ſpight of all the obſtacles of Fortune, Friends, or Rivals; but *Eugenia*, theſe Politick Writers lead 'em no farther than Marriage in that humour. When they have brought the Knight and the Damſel to the Nooſe, they there leave 'em; all the Golden Scenes of Love are over, and there remains no more happineſs to deſcribe. If they cou'd ſhew us any perſevering Lover after Marriage, they would do wonders; tho' 'twould be ſo unnatural, 'twould paſs for downright Farce. Marriage in my mind is at beſt but like the drunken Feaſts of the Lapithites; the Mirth, Jollity, and Pleaſure of the Pompous Banquet ſoon degenerates into Strifes and Combats. Love and Conſtancy have their Reign before Marriage, but the very Words that ſeek to tye us faſter together, immediately (like the Medicines of Quacks) have a quite contrary Operation,

ration, and Eternally divide us. Fortune and your own Heart has choſe you an object of your deſires, whom you can't, according to Cuſtom, Marry, ſuch a ſure proviſion has Fate made for your Happineſs; and you like a froward Child ſlight the mighty gift. But you're affraid of the Curſe and Infamy of an Old Maid; firſt *I* ſhall little value the opinion of the World, if they think me what, to my own real experimental knowledge, *I* am not; Next, where's the neceſſity of acting ſo imprudently, as to hinder your Marriage hereafter? Nature has given us Deſires and Appetites, and added a vaſt Pleaſure to the very Act of their Satisfaction, which ſhews it can be no ill. All the dictates of Nature are eaſie, ſure, and plain, and we comply with 'em with Pleaſure; but the inventions of Whimſical Men, that oppoſe theſe, are not follow'd without pain, without conſtraint, and a thouſand inquietudes; by this judge of the Good or Ill of complying with our Inclinations. This is no plea for Proſtitution, for then is pleaſure, the conſtant Companion of Natural Actions loſt: There are no more Raptures, no more Tranſporting

porting Joys, and Melting Languiſhments; all is dead, heavy, and inſipid, if not Painful and Nauſeous. A moderate Exerciſe affords Pleaſure and Delight, but continual Toil and Labour is not undertaken without Neceſſity. The ſame will hold in all things. 'Tis Nonſenſe to imagine, that, if Love will not make you happy, a few Canonical Words will do the feat. But *I* have been tedious, if this don't pleaſe you; and long enough if it does; 'tis in your power to be Happy if you will, for how long I know not; but this I know, if we muſt ſeek no Happineſs here, but what's laſting, we may be Miſerable all our Lives; for the moſt permanent we can't graſp a Minute longer than Fate pleaſes. My dear *Eugenia*, *Adieu.*

From

From a Lady to a Gentleman, confeſſing her Love, which had for ſome time paſs'd under the name of Friendſhip.

Letter VI.

SIR,

THE Acquaintance I have had with the Generoſity of your Temper, has made me hope, that you will pardon me a fault I cannot help committing; and excuſe what I write; ſince 'tis in obedience to an Affection that I have not power to reſiſt. Pardon, if I tell you, the Friendſhip that has been between us has on my ſide, chang'd its name, and is become ſomething that I dare not truſt my Tongue to tell you; yet I doubt not but my frailty has too plainly diſcover'd it ſelf, and ſomething beyond Friendſhip has appear'd in all my Actions; which I hope you will conſtrue no farther, than that your poor

Friend

Friend has only ſinn'd againſt the Rules of her Sex, and committed a Crime which carries its own puniſhment along with it: Yet, if Love be a Crime, I am ſo vain to hope, you will give me leave to be guilty of it, and not condemn me for a fault, which the Charms of your own Perſon have made me commit. If this open confeſſion of a Frailty, which ought to have been conceal'd, be an offence, which Generoſity cannot pardon, I am doubly miſerable; and wiſh it ſtill lay buried in that unhappy Breaſt which gave it Birth; that I might rather carry it with me ſilently to Death, than let it appear to moleſt the Peace of one I love above the World: yet be not troubled, Sir, for if the Heart, which bears your Image, be ſo unfortunate, as not to be ſo acceptable to you; leave it to it ſelf, and 'twill ſoon revenge your quarrel, and puniſh it ſelf for the crime of Loving, which yet it will be guilty of till death, and when e'er it dies, carry to the Grave an Affection that cannot end but with the unhappy Life of,

Your more than

Loving Friend, &c.

From

From a Lady to her Friend, ſent with the following Dialogue.

LETTER VII.

IT Grieves me very ſenſibly, my Dear Child, that the Sympathy, which is betwixt us in every thing elſe, ſhould be wanting in that which concerns me moſt nearly: that whilſt I am doom'd Eternally ſubject to the Laws of Love, you ſhou'd maintain ſo fierce a War againſt 'em, and not allow the leaſt ſhare of Reaſon to thoſe who are govern'd by him. It can't ſatisfie me that you make an exception for me; I muſt reconcile you to my fellow Slave, before I believe you have the charity to think I have preſerv'd my Reaſon with my Love: For I know Fate has not done a Miracle for me; and you muſt either

either believe I am out of my Wits, or that Love and Reaſon are conſiſtent. Don't think I have any deſign againſt your Liberty. I own that Freedom is more pleaſing than the nobleſt Captivity, and I wou'd not deprive you of yours, even for the ſake of having you agree with me in all things. All I deſire of you, is, to own that you ſhun Love more for uneaſineſs, than the folly of it. And ſure you can't deny me that, when I have allow'd you ſo much: but that I may not give you a new Argument againſt me, by endeavouring to bring you over to a party, without convincing you of the Injuſtice of it: deſpairing to do it with my own Reaſons, I have been at the pains to Tranſlate the Dialogue, which I ſend you enclos'd. If you underſtood the Original, perhaps it might have a better effect upon you: but tho' I cou'd not imitate the Authors Wit, and that pretty, eaſie, gentile way he has of Writing, I have done my part to give you his Sence. 'Twas writ in *French* by Monſieur *le Pays*, whom you have often heard me commend, and wiſh you underſtood him; there is ſo much Flame and Spirit in his Letters,

and

and moſt of his Verſes, and yet they are written in ſuch a natural and unaffected Stile, as ſhews him to be a Man of a great Genius: his deſign in this Dialogue is to juſtifie Love in thoſe things which ſeem moſt extravagant and unreaſonable; and ſure, if there is any colour of excuſe for them, you can't but be reconcil'd to thoſe who ground their Affections well? 'Twas ſent by the Author to one of his Miſtriſſes, whom he calls *Caliſta*: and ſince all he ſays in it of her is due to you, give me leave to apply it, and to hope that ſince Reaſon never forſakes you, and that you create Love in all that ſee you, ſo frequent a communication may make 'em leſs Enemies to one another. With this expectation I leave you to be better entertain'd by Mr. *le Pays*; and ſo make haſte to tell you, Dear *Caliſta*, that whatever effect he may produce upon you, you ſhall always ſhare my Heart with *Cl*——*n*. and that as long as I am O——*a*. I ſhall be

Your, &c.

A DIALOGUE BETWIXT *LOVE* and *REASON*.

Reason.

IT was very difficult for us, agreeable Enemy, to meet in any place but at *Caliſta*'s: you always fly me ſo obſtinately, and I have endeavour'd ſo unſucceſsfully to accoſt you, that I could never have obtain'd my wiſh, if Fate had not conducted you to her; but 'twas impoſſible to ſhun me there, for I never abandon her, and now I'm reſolv'd not to loſe ſo favourable an occaſion. Whilſt I have you here, I will tell you a hundred things that lye at my Heart; I will ask you, why you hate me ſo violently, and if there be no means for us to be reconcil'd.

Love

Love.

I don't know, Madam, what cauſe you have to complain; I do not flie you; I am not your Enemy; and I never, that I can remember, was out of your company; much on the contrary, I always make you my Judge in all my Quarrels; I bring you to juſtifie my Conduct; and in fine, I make uſe of you in every thing I undertake.

Reaſon.

How dare you maintain ſo great a falſhood to me? you, who chace me from every place where you enter; who are never ſatisfi'd whilſt I take up the leaſt part of a Soul which you wou'd ſubject: you, who grow angry when I reſiſt you, and who deſpiſe me ſo much, that you will not hear me ſpeak, when I complain of the diſorders, and of the violence you do me.

Love.

Yes, Madam, I maintain what I have ſaid: Is't not making you a Judge of my Quarrels, when I oblige a Lover who loves without being belov'd, to appeal

to

to you for the injuſtice which is do him? Is't not appealing to you to juſ fie his Conduct, when he ſays 'tis r ſonable to love that which is lovel and is't not making uſe of you in actions, when in ſtealing a Kiſs, ſome other Favour, he maintains t Reaſon counſels to pay ones ſelf, w the fortune of one who refuſes to pa

Reaſon.

I grant indeed, that you ſometim make uſe of my Name, but never of m Self. Since I am welcome in all pla which are not infected by you, or other Paſſions. that I am almoſt ways deſir'd, and that you are as mu dreaded as I am wiſh'd for. You glad to employ my Name when y wou'd enter any where, that you m the ſooner gain admittance; but as ſo as ever you are admitted, you eaſily d cover that I'm not with you, and t you hardly know me, or if you do all the uſe you make of your knowledg is to fly from me, or to drive me fro you. If at any time I reſolve to com bate you, when you have attack'd on that I govern'd; your flatteries imm

diate

diately prevail with the Senſes to revolt gainſt me: You intrench your ſelf in heir Poſt, and then their ſupport makes ou ſo bold, and yours makes them ſo rong, that all my Darts are broke or lunted, without wounding you in the aſt. 'Tis to no purpoſe *I* ſtir and ake a Noiſe; call Honour and Duty my aid; all my reſiſtance becomes ain, *I* ſink in the end, and muſt reſign e place to you.

Love.

You tell me, Madam, that *I* ſometimes ake uſe of your name, but never of our ſelf; and *I* anſwer to this, and to ll the other Reproaches which you make me, that on the contrary *I* often Combat the Name, but *I* never Combat you. 'Tis true, in many Hearts *I* ind falſe Maxims, dangerous Opinions, nd ridiculous abuſes, which having aſum'd your Name, have alſo the inſolence to reſiſt me, and to deny me entrance into thoſe Hearts, which they have poſſeſs'd themſelves of. Then knowing em to be Enemies that have taken your Name, tho' they do not belong to you, I do my utmoſt endeavours to deſtroy 'em.

'em. *I* neglect no advantage; and seeing that they seek Protectors in their Quarrels, that they always interress in their party evil Custom, stupid Shame, and false Glory: By their Example I engage the Senses and the Pleasures to my aid, who have lov'd me long, and who are inseparable Friends. With this support *I* undertake the Combat, and am almost always certain of Victory: I rout my Enemies, who without wearing your Livery, have the Insolence to pretend they belong to you, and to engage against me under false Ensigns: So that Madam, *I* revenge your Quarrel, as well as my own.

Reason.

You are ingenious in defending yourself; but yet your excuses are very weak. How can you know, that the Enemies you Combat with are not of my Retinue, since you don't know my Livery, and that perhaps you don't know me, who am always at the head of those you call false Maxims, dangerous Opinions, and ridiculous abuses? but you are a Young rash one, that strike without knowing who; who neither consider

Honour,

Honour, Duty, nor Justice; and who call, all those your Enemies, that oppose your Pleasures.

Love.

Since *I* fight against you without knowing you; you ought not to be displeased with me for it: but is it possible, Madam, it should be you that *I* always see at the head of so many false Maxims, which oppose themselves to my designs? Really *I* might easily be deceiv'd in it: after having heard that you were the wisest and the most Judicious Person in the World, *I* should never have known you under the appearance of an old quarrelsome Woman, who is always out of humour; who Preaches eternally against pleasure, and who is Natures Enemy as well as mine. *I* should know you, Madam, if you did put on a Face more gay; If you were of a less severe humour; if you did agree better with Nature and with me; and if, in fine, you would furnish us sometimes with Counsels proper for our designs.

Reason.

Reason.

I understand you, my little Minion; to stand upon good terms with you, I must be at odds with my self; or rather I must not be what I am, if I would make a Peace with you. But do not flatter your self, that I will be guilty of so mean a thing: 'Tis more just that Love should conform to Reason, than that Reason should condescend to Love; and I will have you know, that there's no comparison betwixt one that is Blind like you, and one so clear-sighted as I; betwixt a little rash Boy, and one that's Prudent. If I seek after you, 'tis because I am naturally good, an Enemy to disorders, and careful to set those right who are out of the way. But you are unworthy of my goodness; you are a little Hair-brain'd Boy, not sensible of the kindness one wou'd do you, nor of the good advice one gives you.

Love.

What! You condemn me for my Transports, and you fall into the fault you blame. You load me with reproaches, you are angry, you are transported your self, and Reason is within a little of seeming

ing unreasonable. *I* perceive, Madam, that *I* must oblige you to retract to day, and to make you own, that my Extravagancies are better than your Prudence. To which end, since you have now made me some Complaints in general, *I* desire you to come to particulars; and you shall see that *I* will satisfie you in every Article, and that Love has his Reasons, which are better than those of Reason her self.

Reason.

I begin to have better hopes since *I* see you Inclin'd to satisfie me. 'Tis no little matter to have reduc'd Love to reason the case; tho' his Reasons, should prove very ill ones; 'tis however to have converted him in some measure: for hitherto he has been an Enemy to all that was call'd Reason. Let us take the advantage then of the humour you are in, Reasonable Love (for at this time you deserve that Name) let us see what particular reasons you will give for every particular complaint *I* have to make to you. *I* am going to begin with one, which *I* believe will be hard for you to answer. Tell me a little, when *I* have

taken poſſeſſion of the Soul of a Young Perſon, when *I* have ſubjected her to the will of a Father, who has commanded her to love ſome one, and to look upon him as one that muſt be her Husband; Why do you often make uſe of your Power to make her Love another, contrary to the Obedience which ſhe owes her Parents? Why do you take pleaſure in making her find a thouſand defects in the Husband that's propos'd to her, and a thouſand Perfections in the Lover which you offer her? Why do you chaſe me from her, when *I* put her in mind of her Duty? Cannot the Obedience due to Parents which ſeems reaſonable to all Nature beſide, paſs with you for a Reaſon? If you were reaſonable, as you wou'd be thought, would you not make her Love what a Father Enjoyns her to Love? Would not you ſide with Duty, and would not you give her the ſame Counſels that I do? But 'tis enough that I adviſe her any thing to oblige you to counſel the contrary. You wou'd think you diſhonoured your ſelf, if you had any Sentiments conformable to Reaſon.

Love.

Tho' what you complain of does not happen every day, yet I own that I do sometimes occasion it: but in that it happens that 'tis not I, but the Father that wants Reason. If he took care as he ought to consult me before he made such a command, he should not find me excite revolts against his will. If he were reasonable, he wou'd not anticipate my Right, or pretend to act my part in the Heart of his Daughter. I am jealous of my Prerogative and of my Power; and when any Body does Incroach upon them, 'tis but just I shou'd make use of them for my Revenge. I know that the Obedience due to Parents is reasonable; but it ceases to be so, when 'tis to the prejudice of my Authority. The Obedience due to me ought to be preferr'd, when a Father's Counsel and mine disagree. Reason must grant the Counsels of a God are to be follow'd before those of a Man. Besides mine being always agreeable to the taste of those I advise; their end is only to plant tranquility in a Soul that follows 'em; and the advices of a Father, which

oppoſe mine, cauſe always an inteſtine War in the heart of thoſe that receive 'em. So that Reaſon preferring Peace to War, will have my Counſels follow'd, even when they are contrary to a Fathers.

Reaſon.

There is ſome appearance of Reaſon in your excuſe; but what can you anſwer for your malice in making one Perſon to be belov'd by many rivals. If you were reaſonable, you wou'd not wound ſeveral Hearts with the ſame Dart. You wou'd give but one Lover to each Miſtriſs; and but one Miſtriſs to each Lover. By this means you would hinder the fatal effects that jealouſie produces every day; and you wou'd not be the cauſe of a thouſand Quarrels, and a thouſand Murders, which we ſee happen among Rivals. For you can't deny that you are the Author of thoſe Diſorders, ſince they would not happen, if you wou'd be content to make each Beauty be belov'd by one Lover only.

Love.

Love.

'Tis not ſo difficult as you imagine to prove that I am in the right in what you condemn ſo much. I know very well, that 'tis againſt common ſenſe to endeavour to make that paſs for reaſonable, which is condemn'd by Reaſon. But, Madam, I muſt tell you now, what I ſhould have told you at firſt, that it is becauſe you are a being which has never been well known: You put on different Faces to different Perſons; and yet every one of theſe Faces will paſs for Reaſon. You give divers counſels according to the Perſons you adviſe: among thoſe that contradict each another in all their actions, every one maintains that Reaſon counſel'd him his. 'Tis thus, that many Lovers love one Miſtriſs, becauſe all of 'em finding her Lovely, they ſay that Reaſon bids them all Love her; though it does not appear reaſonable to thoſe that don't Love her. 'Tis thus, that a Lover follows the dictates of his Reaſon, when he frees himſelf from a Rival that's an obſtacle to him, in the purſuit of what he Loves. 'Tis thus, in fine, that thoſe Actors of diſorders, whom

you blame with so much violence, believe they have follow'd your Counsels, when they commit Murders: because you advise those, who love to do and undertake all things, to possess what they Love; tho' those that don't Love say, that Reason teaches that what the others do, is altogether unreasonable; and that, as I have told you, because you give different advices to the different Persons whom you counsel.

Reason.

If there is no solidity, at least there is Wit in the Reasons you have given: but what expedient will you find to justifie your self when you drive Reason from the mind of an Old Man; when you make him renounce Wisdom to love a Young Person when he might be her Grandfather. I pardon you easily enough, when you are content to subject Young People to your Empire; for they hardly having known mine, I have no great regret to see them willingly submit to yours. But may I not complain when you come to rob me of my faithful Subjects; those who have so long serv'd me; those, in fine, who are grown

grown gray under my conduct; for 'tis what you do, when you slide into the Heart of an Old Man: when the Sentiments you give him are opposite to those which I inspire. Is it not doing me a cruel outrage, when you turn topsy-turvy a Mind which I had settled with so much care and pains? What chagrin do you think it gives me to see an Old Man perverted by your Counsels, leave me to follow you; become a *Beaux* in his Old days; shave his Beard, wear little Shoes; dress himself in the gayest colours; become a Slave to the Fashion; read with Spectacles what you call *Billet doux*, and gallant Verses; play the Child by a Young Person; whisper her in the Ear; go to Balls, Plays, and publick Feasts; and do, in fine, all the Fooleries which I can hardly excuse even in Youth. What———

Love.

If I did not interrupt you, I believe you wou'd never cease complaining upon this Chapter; tho' if I had nothing to answer but that I made use of the right of reprisal, when I slide into the Heart of an Old Man, I think I should

not want Reaſon; for tho' I don't complain of it here, you ſometimes rob me of my Slaves, as I ſometimes rob you of yours. Very often, when I think my ſelf Maſter of a Young Heart, you know how to take a time when it has ſome diſdain, ſome coldneſs, or ſome diſtaſt, and then ſeizing on the occaſion you drive me from it with a great deal of ſharpneſs and ſcorn: So that 'tis not without Reaſon, that I too ſometimes obſerve the time when an Old Man has moſt diſpoſition to leave you, and that with the Fire of ſome bright Eyes I melt his Ice, and warm the blood which was frozen in his Veins. I confeſs 'tis making your own Subjects revolt from you: But don't you uſe me in the ſame manner when you excite Young People to Rebel againſt me. If this Reaſon appear weak to you, I'm ſure you can't anſwer what I am going to add: You complain that I ſometimes make Old Men in Love with Young Women; and you pretend that nothing is ſo far remov'd from Reaſon; but I ſay that there is nothing more reaſonable, ſince by the reſult of what you have ſaid, a Man ſhould be the wiſer the Older he

is,

is, he ought to love that which in reaſon is the moſt Lovely; and who is more reaſonably lovely than a young Perſon. Wou'd an old Man make uſe of his Reaſon, if he ſhou'd love one of his own age, where there is neither Beauty nor Comlineſs, where there's no Fire that can heat him, nor no Charms that can pleaſe him? And is it not more reaſonable him for to love a young perſon, which, one may ſay, makes one young again, and whoſe Humour and Gayety excites one to Joy and Pleaſures? For the reſt don't think it ſtrange that he obſerves in his Actions and Dreſs all the Gallantries of Youth; ſince as old as he is, he becomes young, when he becomes amorous. Tho' he minds Faſhions, tho' he does all that you call fooleries, he does it with Reaſon; ſince, being a Lover, he muſt endeavour to pleaſe the young perſon he loves; and he knows that the way to pleaſe Youth, is to live like 'em: ſhew the ſame Deſires, and the ſame Inclinations. Wou'd he be welcome to his young Miſtriſs, if he came Preaching the Vanity and Inconſtancy of the Age, railing at Balls and other Diverſions, and finding ſomething to ſay

againſt all the pleaſures of Youth? Wou'd this be a fine way of making himſelf belov'd? and has not he Reaſon when he practices the contrary?

Reaſon.

There is always a great deal of ſubtilty in your Anſwers; but what can you ſay to juſtifie the Crimes you commit, when you oblige one that's Marri'd, to love another beſides her Husband? Why do you ſnatch her Heart from him, who is the lawful Maſter of it, to give it to a ſtranger, who ought to have no pretence to it? Why do you ſeparate two Perſons whom the Laws have joyn'd, to unite Two others, who can't be united without a Crime? Do you think your ſelf more reaſonable than the Laws?

Love.

Yes Madam, I am more reaſonable than thoſe Laws, which do not ſo much as conſult Reaſon, in thoſe Marriages, which generally are the Works purely of Chance, of Ambition, which ſometimes mix Fire and Water in joyning

ing two persons, who have no disposition to love one another: have they any shadow of Reason? And has not a Woman more, who finds her self subjected in that manner, to give her Heart to a Gallant that loves her, than to a Husband that hates her; to a Gallant well fashion'd both in Body and Mind, who thinks of nothing but how to please her, than to a Husband ill made and humorsome, who is Eternally grumbling in the House?

Reason.

But tell me, since you are reasonable sometimes, Why are not you always so? I'le allow that you are in the right, when you unite two persons; but are you so again when you separate 'em? If *Thyrsis* had reason to love *Phillis*, is he in the right too, when he ceases to love her? Is he in the right, when he leaves *Phillis* for *Calista*? What excuse can you find for his inconstancy; after having brought me to be pleas'd with his Love, How can you make me love his change? Is it reasonable to despise what he did esteem, and so throw down those Altars upon which he has so often sacrific'd, to sacrifice upon new ones?

Love

Love.

It is true, that ſometimes Lovers are Inconſtant, but they are not without reaſon in their Inconſtancy. When an Object ſeems lovely to them, they have reaſon to love it; but when the ſame Object appears to them no longer ſo, they are in the right too, to give away their Love. *Thyrſis* had reaſon to love *Phillis*, becauſe he hop'd to be belov'd by her; he had reaſon to employ for her all the cares, and all the aſſiduity that a fair Perſon deſerves: but he had reaſon to leave her, when he ſaw that his Cares were in vain, and that his Hopes were without any Foundation. Beſides, is it not reaſonable to leave the leſs for the more; to abandon *Phillis*, who all charming as ſhe is, is however infinitely inferior to *Caliſta*? 'Tis thus, that every Lover is reaſonable in his Inconſtancy; tho' he had no other reaſon for ceaſing to love an Object, than becauſe it ceaſes to appear lovely to him.

Reaſon.

Tho' I am not fully convinc'd of what you have ſaid, I will not however loſe

loſe time in anſwering you, becauſe I have ſomething to ask you that touches me very nearly. How comes it, unjuſt Love, that you ſlide often between Perſons of an unequal condition; and ſo unequal, that ſometimes, by your Injuſtice, we have ſeen Queens in love with Slaves, and Princes in love with Servants? I willingly pardon you, when you unite perſons that are equal. Nay more, I approve your Conduct, I authorize it with all my Power. But how wou'd you have me ſuffer to ſee, a Woman of Quality prefer to a Gentleman, accompliſh'd both in Mind and Body, ſome groſs Peaſant, in whom there appears nothing that's lovely? How can I forbear tomurmur, when Princes or Lords chuſe, to the prejudice of many Ladies as conſiderable for their Beauty, as Birth; a Country Girl or Servant, who has nothing in her that's fine or agreeable, but in the imagination of that Prince or Lord, your Malice has abus'd? Muſt not we condemn your irregularities in ſuch occaſions? May not we accuſe you of overturning your own Principles, ſince Sympathy which ought to be the principle of all your

your Actions, does not meet in such Loves? For in fine, what sympathy can you find between a Princess and a Slave, between a Prince and a Servant? Mean while these are the Loves we see many examples of; and that convinces all the World that you are altogether my enemy.

Love.

I never do what you accuse me of. I own that sometimes Princes have lov'd Slaves; but it does not follow from thence that I have joyn'd two Persons so unequal. When I kindle such a Love, I raise the Slave equal to the Princess, or I humble the Princess to the Slave: and to me they seem always equal, tho' they do not appear so to those, that are ignorant of my Power and mysteries. I observe that Sympathy always, which you say I renounce, for Simpathy is not as you seem to think it, a conformity of Birth, of Riches, and of Honours: it is rather a conformity of Birth under the same Planet; to be of one temper, and to have the same inclinations. And may not this Conformity be found sometimes between two persons, which the difference

rence of Riches and Honours have render'd unequal. I cou'd explain it to you more clearly, and let you see that this Simpathy is sufficient to make all the World equal. But 'tis a Knowledge that's reserv'd only for me: and my Policy teaches me, that, for the good of my Empire, it ought to be unknown to reason. that Simpathy that hinders equality, those secret Knots, those invisible Chains, that fetter Hearts, and tye Souls, are the foundations of all my Strength and Power: or rather, 'tis I that take pleasure to appear only in my Effects, and scarcely ever in my Cause. And 'tis that, which renders my Empire very different from yours; for you Command nothing with absolute Authority, since you are oblig'd to give a Reason for every thing. But for me, I act as a Soveraign, and only give a reason when I please. And to tell you the truth, 'Tis a Maxim I have established over all my Empire, that they who Reason well, do not Love well; and that they Reason ill, who Love well.

Reaſon.

I ſee plainly by your laſt words, cruel Enemy, that my Converſation begins to be tireſome; you are not us'd to Reaſon ſo long: you ſuffer too much violence in ſuch a Diſcourſe; and tho' I have many things ſtill to ask you, I muſt make an end, ſince I grow troubleſome to you; I am alſo ſenſible that I loſe my labour, and that it is impoſſible for us ever to be reconciled. I hop'd that meeting at *Caliſta*'s, we might have contracted an Union, that has never been known between us: and that in the preſence of ſo charming a Perſon, I ſhou'd have made Love more reaſonable.

Love.

Be comforted, Madam, there is ſomething better happened than what you had undertaken. If Reaſon has not made Love reaſonable, I will believe that in the Preſence of *Caliſta*, Love has made Reaſon amorous.

To a Lady he had Entertain'd in the Park *in a Maſque.*

Letter VIII.

YOU told me laſt Night, my lovely *Moor*, when we parted, that I ſhould forget you before Morning; but to let you ſee how great an impreſſion you have made upon my Heart, I do aſſure you, that even *Morpheus*'s Kingdom could not protect me from you; for I dreamt of you all Night, ſaw your lovely Motions, and that bewitching Air which you do every thing with; heard you ſpeak all thoſe pretty things over again, which you ſaid to me, and bluſht to ſee my ſelf out-done by you in Repartees; nay, and had like to have broke my Man's Head for waking me this Morning, tho' 'twas for buſineſs of concern: thus have you won me, bewitching Charmer, altho' I had but halfe an hours converſation with you, and in a Maſque:

too

too: and I assure you, if you had no been so Gracious, as to let me know where to write to you, I had been desperate e're this time: I conjure you then, even by that Heavenly Beauty, which shines through all the Velve to Honour me with a Line from your fair Hand this Night, to let me know where I shall see you to Morrow: for I do assure you, I shall do such penance in the mean time, as shall have power to make atonement for all the Sins which ever were committed by

Your Humble Servant.

My Man hath Orders, to bring me your Billet to the Park, *where I shall be sitting on that dear Bench I found you at.*

The

The Ladies Answer.

Letter IX.

AFTER a long dispute with my self, whether I had best go on in this folly, or make an honourable Retreat, I at last perceived that I had not left my self a fair one, I mean, according to those Romantick Rules of Virtue taught us by our secular Mothers; and therefore was resolved to gratifie my humour a little further, altho' at the expence of some few Blushes; and especially when I consider that I shall take such care, as that you shall never know more of me than you did last Night; and that you may perhaps see me hereafter in such a place; where my Complaisance will oblige me to rally the Masks as smartly as any of the Old Fashion'd Company. After all this, assure your self, that I mean no harm, only to have a little innocent

nocent Chat with you, which I perceiv
you are very good at. I therefore Cha
lenge you to meet me to morrow a
Seven in the Morning, at the ſam
Bench, and with the ſame Weapon
in lieu of which I ſhall bring my Tongu
and Mask; the laſt of which will,
hope, defend my Reputation, as muc
as the ugly Face under it will do m
Chaſtity,

Adieu.

The Ladies Addreſs to the whole Aſſembly of Beaux, at Hippolito's *Chocolate-houſe:*

Letter X.

WHere ſhould a Diſtreſs'd Damſel be ſo likely to find Succour, as from you Young Lords, Knights, and Squires: To all ſuch therefore I addreſs this my Petition in behalf of a poor Lady, to whom Nature has given ſomething a larger ſtock of ſence than to moſt of her Sex; and not being willing to conceal this Talent, ſhe wou'd fain exerciſe her good Genius: But alas! in this ſtupid Age in which all ſort of Gallantry is as ſophiſticated, as French Wines, ſhe has found it impracticable; not then having been ſo fortunate, as to meet with any ſingle Spark, that did not either want will or Capacity to hold up an agreeable

agreeable War of Wit; she sends th
as her last Effort to the whole Society
Hoping that in such a Numerous Assem-
bly, some one will be Valiant enoug
to accept this proffer'd Challenge; an
in such Cases let them chuse their ow
Weapons, and if they think Love a them
too Threadbare for their Pen, let 'em
name any other, and the Assailant wi
endeavour to defend her ground as lon
as possible; and if Vanquish'd, she'l fai
ly acknowledge it, and own her se
oblig'd to the courteous Victor, who di
not think it beneath him to wage
Writing War with a poor Woman.

Direct your's for Flora, *to be left a*
Mr. Hardings *a Booksellers in* New
port-street, *and let me know how I*
send to you again.

The

The Two following Letters were desired to be Printed by a Fair Lady.

To Acme *before I had seen her.*

Letter XI.

I Hope, Madam, you'l forgive the Impatience, that *Love* begets, since I have (tho rack'd with the most eager and Violent of Desires) waited so many tedious Minutes and Hours for a favourable Answer to my Humble Suit (of being admitted to a sight of you, if not to the transporting Happiness of your Conversation) If, at last, I again trouble you with a Repetition of it.

Will not the Justice, and tender Compassion that should fill that Heavenly Bosom, grant so much to the most Un-

common

common of Passions? Can all that Beauty all that Immense Power be without Pity and Justice?

But you say, Madam, you can't take my former Letter for any thing but a meer Banter; believe me, *Divine Charmer*, I wou'd sooner Banter my *Lawyer*, when my Estate depended on my Sincerity, or my *Physitian*, when my *Life* lay at stake, than Banter *You*, the Goddess of my *Heart*, in whom a *Happiness* centers of far greater *Import* than Estate or Life: 'Twould be a sort of Sacrilege to trifle with the Divinest of her Sex, and with an impudent Hypocrisie pretend a Devotion to that absent Power, which all that are Present Adore.

Ah Madam! though Absent, I am too sensible of your Power, to presume to dally with, and abuse it, who, tho I never yet beheld your Face, (except in Imagination, and in Dreams,) feel all the Racks, and Sighing Pangs of a Poor, longing, tortur'd Lover; and if the Uncommonness, and Extravagance of my Passion, bring its *Reality* into Question, I ought, Madam, the more to be Pity'd, being by that means depriv'd of my best Plea, my *Love*; and, Madam,

to

to doubt that is such an affront to the Immensity of *Your Beauty*, that I can't suffer it with Patience, ev'n from you.

I am sufficiently, Madam, satisfy'd, that I err'd not in the former direction of my Passion to you, and you will I hope, remove all doubts of the Reality of my being

Madam,

For ever

Septimius.

To Acme.

Letter XII.

I Sent the Inclosed yesterday, but the Bearer by a mistake, brought it back again, and I had sent it again, had I not been inform'd that you were gone abroad. Ah lovely Charmer! Cast off this ungrateful Veil of Cruelty, that sullies all your Glories, for Cruelty is a Monstrous Ingratitude, returning *Disdain* for *Love*; for Services *Contempt*, and for *Merit*, *Disgrace*. The mistaken Fair indeed, affect it as a Virtue; but Charming Maid, 'tis not to be found in that Noble List; for 'tis neither *Prudence*, *Justice*, *Fortitude* nor *Temperance*. *Fortitude* bears unavoidable Ills with *Courage*, and repells hurtful and unlawful Force or Injury. But *Love* is so far from being an Ill, that it's a *Supream Good*. It can never therefore be consistent with *Prudence*, to reject the *offer'd Blessing*, since *Prudence* regulates our Actions by the Rules of Reason. *Justice* gives to every one his due, and consequently the *Vow'd* to the *Lover*, crowning

crowning the Conſtant and Deſerving. *Temperance* denies not juſt Pleaſures (for they are founded in Nature, and our Right by its *Fundamental Laws*) but an ill Choice and hurtful Exceſs.

Thus, Madam, you ſee this Idol, your Sex Sacrifices ſo many *Precious, Unreturning* Minutes to, is not to be found among the Glorious Rank of Vertues, but is of an oppoſite Nature, and conſequently a black Compound of the moſt *ungenerous* Vices. *Cruelty* may well be compar'd to Fortune, both being *Blind*, and the *Reverſe* of a *Noble Mind*: for whilſt *they* neglect the paſt Pleadings of Merit, *this* rewards it even in Rags. Fly therefore this pernicious Vice, ſo unworthy your Beauty, ſo unworthy your Youth; for it often brings down thoſe Curſes of Deſpair, that blaſt all the Glories and Pleaſures of the *Obdurate Nymph*, which, kind Heaven defend the dear charming *Acme* from, and make her avert the impending evil conſequence of *Cruelty*, by being propitious to my Flame, and ſending me one Line or two, which ſhall be kept like a Fairy Treaſure, in the Boſom of

Your Devoted Slave,

SEPTIMIUS.

To a Friend who was going to Travel.

LETTER XIII.

HOW comes this Unkind Silence, *Viridomar?* I hop'd your own Friendſhip, without the addition of my repeated Deſires, wou'd not have let you miſs one Poſt without Writing to your Sorrowful Friend; but here are two paſt, and not a Word from you. Do you begin to break off a Correſpondence with *Artemiſa* before you leave *England?* That looks Ominous, as if you reſolved quite to forget her, as well as never to ſee her more. Your laſt, I hope, was not intended for a Final Adieu; No, I muſt hear from you more than once yet e'er you go, and have an Account what your Deſigns are, and where you intend to Retire, or I ſhall never forgive you; You ought to give this Proof of Friendſhip to my Concern and Grief for you, which is more than you can imagine.

My

My Sister tells me I was never so much a Widow as now in my Life; and I think there is a great deal of Reason for it, no Relation whatsoever being so near as a Faithful Friend, and such I esteem *Viridomar* to be. Indeed I know not what to do with my self; alone I dare not be, then I am almost out of my Wits; all Company I hate; if I sit down to Write, and think I shall not have my *Viridomar* to write to, I am ready to Die; Working is my Aversion; Reading it self does not ease me, for I know not whether I read Sense or Nonsense. I am fit for nothing but a Dark Room in *Bedlam*, only there they make too much Noise for me; Darkness and Silence being the only things can please me, where I can Weep my fill; nor have I any Prospect of any thing will bring rest to my Mind, but the worst of Remedies, the only Catholicon on this side the Grave, Time. But how tedious will that Remedy be? And how do I regret the Thoughts, that *Viridomar* and I must Forget each other? No, sure that must never be! No, no,

Time, nor Absence which destroys
The Cares of Lovers, and their Joys.

Must not, cannot have that Effect upon a well-grounded Tender Friendship.

That's a Weak Love, that Absence can defeat
Friendship's Immutable by Time or Place.

And ours, I hope, will be so. Yet I must *Never* see nor Converse with you more. Oh that Thought is Unsupportable! Is not that Doom Revenable? Sure, *Viridovix*, it is. One of your Acquaintance, who I thought Lov'd you, and who I knew you had a Tenderness for, wou'd now be Dearer to me than all my own, with whom I might freely Converse, and Talk of you; and from whom I might have an Account of all Accidents that may befall you, which my unacquaintance with all your Friends will deprive me of, when you are at so great a Distance. What I Write is strangely Confused and Distracted, (but all my Thoughts are so) if I had never Writen to her, sure you wou'd never have coveted a Correspondence with *Artemisa*, but you know the Cause, and must Pity your

Most Faithful, and
Disconsolate Friend,
Artemisa.

From

From the same, upon the same Subject.

LETTER XIV.

WHEN I sent away my last Letter, I had not time for fear of losing the Post, to Answer yours of the 22d. or hardly to Read it, something I did say, but I know not what; for yours put me into a great concern, which I have not yet Recovered; and could you see the Part I bear in your Troubles, you would not think I cast you off, because of your Misfortunes; No, before we Part you shall confess *Artemisa*'s Heart is of another Temper. It is my Opinion, that where there is the least Cause to imagine ones Friendship is Des'r'd or Priz'd, after an Engagement in it, there is hardly any Cause will justifie the Deserting a Friend; but to do it be-

cause he is Unfortunate is a Crime of the blackest Nature, and would rank me among the worst and most Flagitious of either Sex; if being as Base and Detestable even as Prostitution it self. If I have Sinn'd against your Friendship (which is very dear to me) by Misjudging of you, I heartily Repent of it, and beg your Pardon; my Mind was in very great Disorder, my Friendship grew very Tender, and was sensible of the least cold Blast. I found your Letters quite of another Nature, and different Stile from what they had been; the more of Kindness I express'd, the more Cold and Indifferent were your Returns, without the least Air of Friendship or Kindness, which at first I attributed to the Troubles and Disappointments you had met with; but when I receiv'd yours of the 8th of *July*, wherein you Question'd whether there were such a thing as Solid Love? Then I no longer doubted but I was again Disappointed of what I value above all things, *viz.* a True Friend. For, certainly, Friendship, (if Real) is a Solid Thing, nor can there be an Union of Souls without the greatest and most Substantial Love;

I

I grant all other Love is but Flashy and soon over, and therefore does not Deserve to be call'd by that Name; but a well plac'd Friendship in Generous Hearts I should think can never Decay; at least I will answer for my self, that nothing shall abate mine, but the loss of yours; while that continues you may rest confident, that neither Time, nor any Accident shall alter me, but I will be your Friend, both in spite of Fate, and of your self too, who are so willing to give me a Dismission; therefore, *Viridomar*, henceforth never Judge of my Friendship by any thing but your own; let that rise to as high a degree as you will, mine shall keep Pace with it.

I know not whether You or I have the Truest Notions of Friendship, but I know I should not do by you as you have done by me: were I in any great Affliction, I should not be so Generous to desire you to Leave me, and to Enjoy your self; and bid you be happy in a more Fortunate Friend; No, I should then endeavour to Retain you, for if any thing will Sweeten our Troubles, and make them Ease, it must be the Consideration, that one has a Friend to

whom we are very Dear, who Sympathizes with, and bears a part in all our Griefs; and wou'd, if it lay in his Power, Redress them, nor can any one merit the Name of Friend that does not share in all our Joys, and Sorrows, the first are redoubled, and the last very much lessen'd by the Concern one so Dear to us takes in them. It may be you will say, this is Self-Love, but in it I desire nothing more from my Friend than I will (nor can I help it) return, and assure your self I am as heartily sensible of your Troubles, as if they were my own; and with it lay in my Power to bring you out of them, you should then find that *Artemisa's* is not only a Verbal Friendship.

I hope, *Viridomar*, you can Forgive the Errors of your Friend, you will the sooner do it, if you call to mind how I have been once Treated by an Ungrateful Friend, and will allow something to my Fears of such another Defeat; I have laid my Heart open before you, as to my Confessor, if you find any Errata's there, use the Authority of a Friend, and Correct 'em, give me Rules of Friendship both from your self and *Cicero*, and

see

ſee if I do not Obſerve and Practice 'em; for I would have mine as Perfect and Compleat as poſſible; but tho' you Chide me, do not caſt me off, and take your leave of me, that goes nearer to me than all the reſt; but you ſhall not be rid of me ſo, for now till you tell me you do not Value me, nor think me worthy to be your Friend, I will look upon my ſelf as ſuch, and deal with you accordingly. I am in Pain till I am ſet right in your Thoughts, and therefore have writ this Poſt, I ſend it enclos'd to my Siſter, who will ſend it you by the Penny-Poſt. Yours, which you ſay you writ laſt *Thurſday*, I have not receiv'd; I ſuppoſe it was an Anſwer to that I writ giving an account of this Place and People, I am ſorry I have loſt it, but hope you have a Copy. *Viridomar*, what thoughts ſoever you have of me, ſtill think me your Friend, and then you will think Juſtly of her, who is

Your True and

Faithful Servant

Artemiſa.

Picture

Picture of Orontes.

Orontes is a middle siz'd Man, very well proportioned to his Height, but very stiff and Affected; his Face is the worst part about him. I cannot compare his Temper better than to the Character of Sir *Courtly*, whose Original he seems to be. He is exceeding Civil and Well Bred, and would not be guilty of a Solecism in good manners for all the World. He is a pretender to Wit and Poetry, and passes for the first upon many, for which he is Indebted to good Company and a good Memory: And as Intrigue is the Essential part of a *Beaux*, he is a great admirer of it; but only beats the Bush for others. He looks like a Toper, but is none; yet loves Company, but hates Noise and Clamour, for he is the softest Creature in Nature. He understands *French* enough to pervert the Sence of an Author, and

and is seldom, or never without a *French* Book in his Pocket, of which he is a great admirer. In the main, he is a very honest Gentleman, and very much in favour with the fair Sex: for he will sit you a whole Afternoon with Ladies, and talk of nothing but the Newest Fashions, the most becoming Dresses and Colours, *&c.* Cajoles and Flatters, sets the Ladies in a Flame, then leaves them to the next Pretender, Trudges to the Coffee-house, and sets up for Politicks.

A Letter or Apology of the late M. Du Ryer *of the French Academy, Tranſlator of the Works of* Cicero *and* Seneca, *and of many other Books, to which Poverty has not allow'd him to give all the Perfection he was capable of giving them, and would have done otherwiſe.*

Letter XV.

HOW, do you praiſe my Tranſlation of *Seneca*! That may paſs with others, but you will never catch me at it again. Know, Sir, that I did it in Six Months time, and that it requires Six Years to do it, as it ſhould be. My Tranſlation is one of * *Villeloin*'s. The only diffe-

* *An ill Tranſlator.*

difference between us, is, that he is very well pleas'd with what he does, and can do no better: But for my part I know my Faults and could mend them. Yes, I have the Vanity to believe, that I could be *d'Ablancourt*, or *Vaugelas*, and I am become * *Marolles*. Oh Fortune, Fortune! It is an Effect of thy Rigour. Thou hast compell'd me, against my Will, to Sacrifice my Reputation to thee; but thou shalt never force me to make thee a Sacrifice of my Honour; and I will not deceive my Friend. This, Sir, is an Avowal I owe to you, for the kindness you do me sometimes in lending of me Money: I send you the Twenty Pistols you last lent me. My Bookseller came Yesterday to our Village, and brought me Two hundred Crowns. I gave them immediately to my Spouse, who is overjoy'd, and makes me happy in my Misfortune. She thinks my Translations as Excellent, as you seem to believe them; and as she is an Eye Witness of my Dispatch; She cannot apprehend how a Mortal can be capable of performing such Wonders with so much ease, and fancies that there is

* Another Ill French Author.

some-

ſomething in me that ſurpaſſes Human Nature. You have heard of poor *B*— he had Marry'd an *Engliſh* Gentlewoman who Cudgel'd him when he did not Work ſo much as ſhe thought he ſhould do. But mine is neither an *Engliſh* Woman, nor yet a Gentlewoman; She is a very good Houſewife, that Loves me Tenderly, and honours me with an Incredible reſpect. She keeps my little Parlour and my Alcove as neat and as bright as two Looking-glaſſes; She makes my Bed ſo well, that I am of opinion, no Prince lies more at his eaſe: and above all things, ſhe never fails to provide me an excellent Soup. I cannot imagine in my turn, how it is poſſible, with ſo little Pelf, to make ſo good a Cheer. So that in ſpight of Fortune, we paſs our Life in admiring each other. She admires my Genius for Tranſlations, and I admire hers for Huſwifery. Mrs. *B.*—came along with my good Friend *C*—— to bring me the Two hundred Crowns, which were remaining due to me for my Tranſlation of *Cicero's* Orations, which I will ſend you in few days. That ſubtle Woman was ſet out to the beſt advantage, and ſaluted me

with

with so good a Grace, that I am sensible that a Bookseller's Shop is as good a School, as the Court, to teach young Women the new Method of saluting People, which the Gallantry of our Nation has lately introduc'd in the World. In a word, Mrs. *B.*——has won my Heart; and has offer'd to advance me the Sum of One hundred Pounds upon my *Titus Livius*, which is very forward. My Spouse immediately whisper'd to me, take her at her word, my dear Husband; I believ'd her, and the said Sum was forthwith produc'd in beautiful Gold and Silver, to poor *Du Ryer*, who for fear of tiring of you, will trouble you no farther, and will endeavour to do better for the future, than he has done hitherto. I can safely promise it you now, finding my self worth, besides what I have paid you, upwards of Four hundred Crowns; who, since I have known my self, never was so Rich; or rather, never less Poor. Farewell, Dear Sir, do not lose this Letter, which I Desire you to publish for my Justification, at the head, or at the end of the first of my Books

Books that will be Reprinted. I am and I us'd to be, that is, with great Affection and Gratitude.

Sir,

Your most Humble Servant,

DU RYER.

Picture of Alcidamas.

ALCIDAMAS is of a low Stature, but very well made, Brave and Witty, True and constant to his Friend, Sober and Discreet, and a great admirer of the Fair Sex, a Qualification which is inseparable from that of a Hero; his Discourse is solid, and his Conversation easie. He is very well read in History, and neither wants Memory nor Judgment. He loves Poetry, and writes a Song or Sonnet very prettily. He has a great Genius for Dressing, and Intrigue

Intrigue, for which he is admir'd and imitated by most Fops in Town, who are not able to reach his other accomplishments. *Mars* and *Venus* have divided his younger Days, and still are the Darlings of his Soul. He has been, and still is famous for Ogling from *Church* to *Playhouse*, &c. He admires the Creator in his Creatures, and is the True Abstract of Modern Gallantry.

Almeria *to* Philander. *upon his resolving to leave her to go beyond Sea.*

Letter XVI.

Cruel *Philander*, Is it then possible that you are resolv'd at last to forsake the unfortunate *Almeria*? Can you, after so many reiterate Protestations, Oaths, and Vows of Eternal Love and Constancy, resolve to leave a wretch, who can no longer live without you? Ah; Why did you take so much pains to Charm, and to undo me, since you were

were resolv'd to leave me expos'd to all the Racks and Horrors of Absence and Despair? What injury have I ever done you, to make me so miserable? Sure you never lov'd me; and only seduc'd my Heart to triumph over it. And these, oh Heaven! are these the Felicities I flatter'd my self with, when my Soul was full of your dear Image, when my Heart could hardly contain its Joy in hopes of being united to you for ever: then, then to hear of Parting, Oh! that dreadful Word, Parting, and for ever! That Fiend that haunts and torments me perpetually: That Word contains Death and Hell in it! Sure there can be no Sin in an innocent Affection. Why then am I punish'd with an Eternal Separation? *Oh barbarous Philander!* Could you not have conceal'd that cruel circumstance of my Affliction from me, for ever, it would have been time enough to let me know, that I must never see you more after some years had inur'd me to your Absence. But why do I blame you? It is the nature of Mankind: I should curse my selfe, my Fondness, and my easie Nature, which perswaded me to believe what I wish'd. You seem'd

to love me sincerely; I thought my self oblig'd to you for it, and thought I could do no less than to reward you with my Heart. I was proud to be lov'd by a Man of your Sence and Reputation, and pitty'd all my Sex. But now my Joys, my fatal Joys, are dash'd with a never, never to see you more. Whither are you going? Why do you fly me? What can induce you to leave the wretch'd *Almeria*? Is it Honour forces you from me? No, Honour bids you stay to save my Life; Gratitude will not permit you to leave a wretch that languishes for you, and who had rather die a thousand Deaths, than barely think of leaving you. Think on your Oaths, think on my Despair, and remember that my Life depends on your Resolution. Sure you could never think to leave me, and this was only a trial of my Love, but I ought not to have out-liv'd it; if you have the least tenderness in you, you ought never to forgive it: It calls my Love in question, and I mortally hate my self for it. I am on the Rack, and nothing but your Presence can ease my Pain. Return then, Oh! Return to my longing Arms.

Yet

Yet do not, Why should I desire to see the only Author of my Misery? Fly where your Honour calls you, and boast that you left the wretched *Almeria* lost. Imploy that false protesting Tongue to undo more credulous Maids; but let me never hear it more. I will strive to forget you, or if ever I think on you, it shall be only for my wrongs. I'll hourly call to mind your Falshood, Perjuries, and Treachery, and that perhaps may cure me. Oh Heavens! I am but too sensible of the falseness of that Sentiment; No, it is impossible, I do not wish it; I had rather be unhappy in loving you, than to resume my former Indifference. I impute my misfortune to the excess of my Passion. I ought to have consider'd that my Pleasures would end sooner than my Love, and that you would never forsake your Fortunes for my sake. I neither know what I do, or what I am, nor what I desire. Can any one imagine so deplorable a Condition? I love you to Distraction, yet you will leave me. Do, Cruel, go, I shall not long out-live your Hate; for sure you hate me, or else you could never use me thus.

But

But my Death will for ever disturb your Mind. It invades my Heart already, my Senses are all confus'd, and I can only add, that in spight of your Ingratitude, as I liv'd, so I die,

Yours.

Sylvia's *Picture.*

SYLVIA's neither Tall nor Low, She's Fair and Comly, yet not Handsome, and has the Air of an Hostess. She is not Witty, yet Subtle and Cunning, and neither Loves, nor is Belov'd by any of her Sex; but in recompense, She has been lavish of her Heart to and has receiv'd the Addresses of many a Spark. She is Imperious, Proud and Haughty, Ill-natur'd and Surly, and can dissemble exquisitely. She never misses Prayers, tho' not out of Devotion. She seems fond of her *Endimion*, even to uneasiness, tho She only adores his Wealth. She has got an absolute

Empire

Empire over him, and knows how to use it. He seems to hug his Chain, and to be fond of his Bondage, tho' some are of opinion, that he only acts the part of a prudent Turtle.

From a Lady to her Admired, who is in Love with an Old Woman.

LETTER XVII.

Cruel S[illegible]R,

FOR what can I call you, but Cruel and Unkind? who neglective of my Love, can hear my Sighs with no resentments. I have often (you know) when in your company, signify'd the esteem I have for you, and by many Letters made known to you, the frailty of my Affection, which I was never guilty of to any but to you; However, it was my first Experiment, and if it proves fatal to me, I shall endea-

vour

vour to endure it, as a thing coherent to my Misfortunes. I write not these, that I would force your Love; all that I propose, is, to remind you of the excess of mine; which as you have slighted, and think not worthy your acceptance, yet at least, give leave to the unhappy to complain. There is Liberty in Love, for Womens Tears; and *Cupid* gives us leave, when he unkindly wounds our Heart, to make our Moan. You had with you, when I saw you last, an aged Woman; who, I am since inform'd, has the possession of your Heart; at this I wonder'd, and was sorry: thinking it pity that those Worlds of Charms, which always in your Eyes I saw, should lose their Lustre in that ruin'd Face, that weather-beaten Age of Time, in whose despairing Years *Cupid* sits melancholy and alone; Oh! if you are not for me design'd, yet may you be joyn'd to some more happy Mate, and not fade your blooming Roses in her wither'd Trunk. Pardon me, Sir, that I can't praise what you admire; Could I doe e'ry thing I ought, you should have been forgotten long since; but 'tis impossible; you are so fast with-

in my Heart, that when I ſtrive to pull you out, I make it bleed; whence to my Sorrow I am fore'd to tell you, that in ſpight of all your unkindneſſes, I cannot blot you out, but with my unhappy Life; in which, as long as I remain, I ſhall be always,

Yours.

From

From a Lady to a Gentleman, who promising her Marriage, Debauch'd her, and then left her, taking a Journey beyond Sea.

LETTER XVIII.

Cruellest of all your Sex.

I Write not now that I'de re-mind you of your forsaken Vows, for sure you need not these as a reproach to your past Crimes, which always will remain in you, as an opprobrious Object to your future Reflections, that you have wrought an unhappy wretch to Ruin; One, who unskill'd in Mankind's Falshood, had this in her Fate, that she was too loving; whence comes the cause of all my Misfortunes: my tender Heart unwarily ran out, and lodg'd

it ſelf with you, which, rifl'd of all its Treaſure, you have ſent home bleeding, and full of Wounds, which your unkindneſs made, and left it nothing but the Experiment. How wretched have you made me; Ah! Could you have return'd me all, how many Sighs and Tears would you have ſav'd me? But Oh! 'tis out of Nature's reach, and as I was then forſaken by my good Angels, I am likewiſe left by you for ever.

Yet as you are going, I will not trouble you with my Sorrows, nor any farther make known to you, how miſerable Love has made me. Let my—— go, and with him goe all the kind Stars, no matter what becomes of me; of whom you have no farther uſe, than only to remember, as an Example, how you may ruine more; Go then, and if in all your Travels you meet a wretch ſo frail, and ſo unfortunate as I, think with a relenting Thought of me again, and ſave the fond Believer from the Ruin I am in, who, tho' undone, by you, yet cannot help, Subſcribing my ſelf,

Yours for ever.

From

From a Lady to Her Husband in the Camp.

LETTER XIX.

My Dear Strephon,

I Received your kind Letter, and return you thanks for the Satisfaction I enjoy'd in reading you were well, in whose Safety alone depends the ſtock of all my future Joy; And now, all I have to return you is, that my ſelf, and your little Son are well alſo; whom I have taught to ſpeak your Name, which it repeats hourly, as if like me it wanted you at Home; but vain, alaſs! are all it's Crys, and my Wiſhes, ſince Cruel Wars have rob'd us of you, and made the caſe uncertain whether I ſhall ever ſee you more, unleſs in the beloved Image of your Dear Child; and in his

Face, his Eyes, his every Feature, do I ſee you Daily, and feed upon the thought when we may meet again: But when I think of Fights and dangerous Battles, my frighted apprehenſion makes me fear that you are hurt, and oft I wiſh that I was there, to dreſs your Wounds. Thus anxious of your Fortune I lead my Melancholly Life, and have no Pleaſure in your abſence, ſave that part of Joy only, which I have horded, and keep ready for the time when you ſhall come again. No Paſtimes, no Recreations are pleaſing to me, but rather inducements to my uneaſie Mind, to chide our Fate that makes us Live aſunder: Think then on my precautious Fears, and hazard not your Dear Life too far; and though you regard it not, yet love it for the ſake of mine. Oh! How many Sorrows are in that word *Death*! Which ſhould I hear of you, every Letter in that Fatal Word, would open a Wound within my bleeding Heart, to let my Miſerable Life out. But ceaſe my Prophetick Fears, my *Strephon* is yet alive, and Heaven protect and keep him ſo, which ſure, it wou'd could it behold him with my

my Eyes, or half the tenderneſs of my Heart, which for ever is always, his as is my Obligation, who am

Your moſt Obedient,

and Loving Wife,

A. M.

LETTER XX.

Madam,

HOW unhappy is the Man that ſtrives with difficulties equal unto mine! Paſſionate Love prompts me to purſue a Happineſs guarded by Innocency and Honour, the Laſt of which, is only a Vain Notion to deprive us of true Felicity; a word contriv'd to create Deſire, and fill us with a Nobler Eſteem for what we wiſh; but why muſt I be the only Miſerable Perſon that's baffled with what I know to be but an Empty Name? or do you covet a formal Siege, that the Victory may be greater

Can you forget the Charms of Friendſhip, and the Endearments that attend thoſe who truly Love? Do you find a Chilneſs run through your Veins, occaſioned by a Chimera of Fear? or do you apprehend you know not what? No, (my Deareſt) by all that's Juſt I will be faithfully Secret, act Honorably by you, may Swear never to Violate my Word. what have I left Unſaid, Unſworn, that may gain your Favour? Is your Heart impregnable to the Addreſſes of one that really Admires you? Can you deny him that is yours and only yours? Or do you take a pride in ſeeing me ruined? Who am

Your moſt

Affectionate Friend.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

SIR,

MORE Unhappy is that Woman, who knows not what Path to Tread; my Life is yours already, and must my Honour too? Can nothing serve but an entire Conquest, over that which when gain'd, you'l soon despise? the pleasure of every action is in Desire, and a Generous Heart's is above wishing what may make another Miserable. How can I yield, When I know the Moment I Surrender my Virtue I'm undone? It's that now which alone Buoys me up amidst my greatest Afflictions: methinks, *I* can look my best Friends in the Face without a Blush, whilst *I* am Innocent; but alas! When *I* am ruin'd, nothing but Shame can attend each look and thought: Your Arguments might prevail with another, whose Charms might secure your Constancy: She might yield; but *I* have nothing but Virtue to secure your

Friendſhip, which as I prize beyond Expreſſion, I muſt never part with that which would Infallibly occaſion the loſs of it. I freely own that you have made deep Impreſſions on my Heart, and that it is Death to me to refuſe you any thing; but when I conſider that I muſt loſe you if I yield, my Weakneſs Vaniſhes, and I have courage enough left to ſay, I cannot, will not, grant your Requeſt, and yet I am,

Affectionately Yours.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Madam,

I Once could command my Hand with such a freedom that I seldom writ in Vain; But alas! What a change do I find, now I am Penning a Letter to your Dear self, my Lines are faint, my Arguments not perswasive, and every thing seems to contradict my Love: Nay, my very Wishes are imperfect, and the moment I press forward, I expect a repulse; a sence of your Honour bids me desist, and an Ardency of Affection reminds me of the Felicity I shall Enjoy in the Arms of my Dearest Creature. Why were you made so infinitely good, except you'd dispence your Favours to those that passionately Admire you? Or were you only born to make me Miserable? Does my Dearest distrust the continuance of my Passion, or fear a

fading

fading of my Flame? Do you expect that *I* again repeat Vows of Secrecy and Faithfulness? Or have you sworn never to yield to my Desires? If so, Heaven surely will forgive a Perjury so tender, and forget a Crime that produc'd such effects. Indeed, *I* acquiesce to those Noble Expressions your Letter is compos'd of, and own the worth of each Line; but why should you so strenuously plead against my being made Happy, or use such Solid Reasons to deprive me of Bliss; since on your complyance depends wholly my Eternal Misery or Felicity.

Yours.

LETTER

LETTER XXIII.

SIR,

IF Words Expreſs the Sentiments of the Mind, and are the only true means to confirm the ſincerity of our Intentions, ſurely then there remains nothing more to ſay, for *I* have given you ſuch Reaſons againſt your Love, as would have ſatisfied any but your ſelf; and *I* ſhould not again write on ſo nice a Subject, but that the tyes of Friendſhip, and the obligations *I* lye under to you, will not allow a Silence. *I* fancy your Pretenſions are only for a Proof of my Virtue; and that my Honour is more Sacred to you, than the Humour of being Immodeſt can be pleaſant; neitheir do *I* imagine you can forget, that Men always ſlight what they poſſeſs, and deſpiſe what is eaſily gain'd. Methinks *I* foreſee my ruin, and can look

look through all your Vows of Conſtancy, with Proteſtations of Faithfulneſs; and you'l believe it, if you'l remember how cold you appear, to ſome you have heretofore paſſionately Lov'd; and muſt I expect a better Fate, who leſs deſerve your Affection? No, no, my deareſt Friend, *I* muſt preſerve that which you ſo much Covet, and never part with what cannot be recall'd: If my Life will ſerve you, pray command it, for I'll continue Virtuous, whilſt *I* am, &c.

Urania *to* Theophraſtus, *in Vindication of Age and Impotency.*

Letter XXIV.

YOU ſay I'm Old, yet give me no reaſon, why you think me ſo: but you'd ſay I am young indeed; if you knew what I can do —— Yes, I know what I mean, I can——anſwer an Aſſignation, or——*&c.* perhaps you'd expect ſome greater matters in this, than a bare vindication of the calumny of Age; which at this time a-day, I think there is but a very ſmall occaſion for; Since you have ſo little Faith, as to believe me Old and Impotent, becauſe my Body is deform'd: Nay, to believe it too, when I have the proſpect of——letting you ſee the contrary *in facto.* Don't miſtake me, Sir,

Sir, I don't intend you ſhall ſee it, only I wou'd have you imagine ſo.—— that my Deeds are much more compleat than my Perſon: For a green Apricock at beſt (you know) is but palatable on one ſide: but a rip'nd Peach never fails of pleaſing. And how-e'r you may be diſpleas'd at my manner of Writing, I am ſure you can't diſlike the ſubject. For as there are many Women write what they don't think; ſo I think what I don't write. This, you'll ſay, is an odd ſort of an expreſſion; but I will aſſure you, a true one. So when I have finiſh'd this abortive Brat, I'll diſown it, becauſe 'tis only an imperfect *Idea* of my Thoughts. For as I muſt confeſs, 'tis much againſt my inclinations to make Cripples, ſo 'tis much againſt my nature to Nurſe them——. Yet in my own defence, I will ſay this is both Lame in Stile and Thought, becauſe you than't ſay, I am a Cold, as well as Old

Admirer.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

My most kind Pa, Pa.

HEaven knows the rack I have endur'd e'er since I last receiv'd your Blessing, for want of an opportunity of being happy again. And for that wish'd for Moment, I here avow freely to offer up my Soul, and all that's dear, a Sacrifice to thee my only Deity. But like the Damn'd, at present I am Chain'd to Torments, the kind Powers above grant like theirs, they mayn't be lasting. Dearest Angel, I have receiv'd all your Lines, and must confess, Fate is equally unkind, my Love's as great as yours, and consequently my Sufferings are no less; but assure your self, the first opportunity we will be Blest and Happy; therefore I intreat you to be neither Restless nor Hopeless, so long as you are entirely Belov'd,

By
Your Sighing, Wishing, Panting, Kissing, Dear Girl,
Loriana.

For Sir Timothy Squeze *in* Park-Prospect *in* Westminster,
LONDON.

LETTER

Letter XXVI.

Still Charming, and ever Dear.

I Am so unhappy as to disappoint my Self, and you, by not meeting to Morrow, as I sincerely intended, for as soon as I came home, I was unfortunately surpriz'd in being Commanded out of Town for Three days to *Epsom*; which will seem Three tedious Ages, there being nothing more desir'd by me, than your most admir'd and agreeable Conversation. May I enjoy it innocently; for whatever you may imagine by my free Carriage, from my Soul I abhor any thing that in the least savours of Rudeness, or Nicely touches upon immodesty, and esteem Virtue and Reputation more than Pleasure or Life. The Liberty you took, when I was last with you, was the occasion of my not seeing you since, and I had made a resolution never to come in company

company with you more, tho' at the same time I barr'd my self from my greatest Happiness; for I Declare, if you can relish my Conversation in so Virtuous a way, as I offer, I shall willingly embrace every opportunity to be with you, being unfeignedly,

Your Admirer,
And
Eternal Adorer

Amatonta.

For *Prince* Prettyman, *at the* Chocolate-house *in* Bridges Street, Covent-Garden,

LONDON.

LETTER XXVII.

WITH Horror I remember th accurſed Moment when I fi gave you the occaſion to believe that lov'd you, ſince you have improv'd according to the Greatneſs of your ow incomparable ill Nature: A return, confeſs, I cou'd not but expect from Gratitude inſpir'd by your Wit, th prides it ſelf in expoſing the weakn of thoſe, whom it has deluded. Th indeed is ſo natural to you, that yo ought not to be blam'd for it: For, yo can no more avoid it, than you ca your impious Deſires of the ruin of ou Sex; to which you are as directly an impulſively led, as other poiſons are t *their* deſtructive ends. So that to ca you falſe, were to be injurious to you ſince you were ever true to your ow

ruinou

minous purposes: Thou barbarous Murderer of my Peace and Fame! What Curse can reach the Merit of thy Crime! But my satisfaction is, that I need not Curse you: For you are a certain Curse to your self; and your daily Actions, are so many industrious Attempts towards your own eternal Misery: when, at the same time, I am in hopes, and not without reason, that my Crime was expiated in the very Commission of it; since it carry'd along with it its own punishment, in the sacrificing me immediately to the insults of your Scorn and Ingratitude; which (doubtless) is a Case of Damnation on this side Hell, proportionable to any impiety whatever, except yours.

How have I lost a real Heaven for a counterfeit one, that you promis'd me! My continual Peace of Mind for a moments flattery! O! Had I retain'd any piety for my self; I had shewn no compassion to you. Wou'd to God, you had perish'd in an actual despair, e'er I had suffer'd such exquisite Torment! Fool that I am! What despair do I think on? Thine? Pretence, Painted Anguish; not to be felt, but by the wretched commise-

commiserating Spectators. Hereafter may'ſt thou be truly, as thou wou'dſt ſeem, paſſionately in love with ſome fair unbelieving Creature; that ſhall damn thee to a Real Deſpair; and ſo of courſe, deſcend to thoſe everlaſting Torments that wait the Ungrateful and Faithleſs. And may'ſt thou at the very laſt moment, continue remorſeleſs, and impenitent of thy Injuries to me; That thy Soul may appear all ſpotted over with thy Ingratitude and Perjuries, and deſire nor room left for Mercy; that I may be reaſonably aſſur'd (for I hope and wiſh to out-live thee) that thou art like to be as *Eternally* wretched, as I am now; nay, more if poſſible! O Vengeance! Grateful and Sweet as ſucceſsful Ambition to our Sex, Purſue, purſue the Monſter! And inſpire him at laſt, in vain and inexorable Perdition, with a juſt Senſe of all my wrongs, that his *then* unfeigned ſorrow for 'em may prove one of his greateſt Tortures. Then may the loſs of me, whom thou haſt moſt offended, aggravate thy laſt Plagues of Fire, Confuſion, and other Scenes of Horror, in the vaſt inſtant of Eternity! I know you *Will*, and I would

have

love you Laugh at this; left you ſhould unhappily prevail againſt the juſt and hearty Prayers of——————

LETTER XXVIII.

WHat pains (my Lord) you have taken to make me ſuſpect you! yet (I vow) the Entertainment was very diverting. You acted the Fool and Madman to the Life! ſo paſſing like, that 'twas, nay, and I believe it is impoſſible, to think you were otherwiſe, than as you endeavour'd to appear! 'Twas, in ſhort, an elaborate Scene, and you ſhew'd a great deal of Maſtery in it. Beſides, it was perform'd without Imitation or Affectation: For, no Man can play anothers Character ſo well, as he whom it belongs to. And, as it is an Original, it is new; of a different Caſt from any I have ever ſeen on the Stage, or in my Converſation in Town. And all this for my ſake, to perſuade that you love me! which I believe, as earneſtly and ſtedfaſtly, as that you love Partridge and Quail, which

which can gratifie your Appetite, only in their Deſtruction: or, rather as you love Oiſters, which you devour *alive*.

Had Madam *E*——— been here, what a deep, affected Melancholy you had put on! A much more dangerous Madeneſs, and (as the Phyſicians ſay) more difficult to be cur'd, than the Raving, Roaring, and Bellowing Frenzie, that ſeiz'd you laſt night. For my part, I'm of Opinion, that the different Beauties and Tempers of Women, influence the ſame ſpark with different Humours in Love. With Her, you us'd to be as melancholy as a Cat; with me, you are generally as Mad as a *March* Hare. To me, it is now, *Prithee* Jenny) *tell me roundly*, &c. To her it was, *Like the Damned from the Fire*, &c. You ſee you don't Dance in a Net. What wou'd you give now for a Copy of the laſt Damning Letter ſhe ſent you? For, I know you have made but a very ill uſe of what you receiv'd from her, I ſuppoſe that's Torn and Burnt, as once you unhappily made her believe your Heart was Torn and Burnt, in deſpair and Love of her. She may with it had met with the Fate of her Letter, which

which-ſoever it be, long before you had ſeen her———But———Lord! ——I can't but think, How, in leſs than a Minute after, I was grown weary and angry with my ſelf, for my little Petulancy and Gaiety of Humour, you cou'd change your Note, and ſigh out in a diſmal lamentable Key——*I ſtill muſt love on, though I dye in deſpair* &c. Now, this you muſt know, was the only way to bring me to my pleaſant Humour again. O! that I cou'd by any means be poſitively aſſur'd, that you do paſſionately love me! 'Twou'd (undoubtedly) be the greateſt ſatisfaction and obligation that you could do me. For, you can't imagine how fond and pleas'd I am with a whining, deſpairing, and dying Lover: But ſtill he muſt continue ſo, even to the laſt gaſp of his Breath: when he ceaſes to deſpair at leaſt, I ſhall never endure a Thought of him more. And now (My Lord!) Let me ſee if you dare Love

F. H.

A Character of a Coquet.

LETTER XXIX.

IF *I* were not perſuaded that you are not ſo ſevere a Critick, but the Partiality of Friendſhip may prevail with you, to paſs a favourable Cenſure, where it is not deſerv'd, *I* could not with any Face, trouble you with this Trifle, which falls ſo every way ſhort of Wit or Diverſion; 'tis an Error only of well-meant Obedience, or at moſt a raſh Sally of that Ill Nature, *I* could no longer contain. But now to my buſineſs; My thoughts beat faſt, and Increaſing Malice ſports within my Veins, and by the help of your Unkindneſs *I* am Improving as faſt as I can, in that Excellent Talent call'd Railing, and God knows when *I* ſhall have done with it: Come, now, I'll be as good as my word after this Preamble; A Woman that is Singular

gular for any Perfection in Dreſs, Meen, or Perſon, preſently is honoured with the Title of a *Coquet* Lady, or a *Belle Femme*; there are other Extraordinary Qualities to the making her ſuch; let me ſee, an Affected Carriage, Confident Diſcourſe, and nothing at all to the purpoſe; mighty Pretenſions to Wit, tho' ſhe never in her Life ſaid any thing to Procure the Reputation of it, and exceſſive Cenſoriouſneſs; which is not altogether to be Imputed to Ill Nature, but to her want of knowing what to do; Firſt you muſt ſit ſtill by the hour, to hear her talk with a diſagreeable Noiſe, againſt all the abſent ſhe or you know; then ſhe fancies her ſelf to have abundance of Senſe, becauſe ſhe talks much, and ill of every Body: But if it happen, that you have a kindneſs for my Lady ſuch a one's Daughter, and ſhe knows you have, perhaps (while you are in Company) ſhe'l turn her humour, and praiſe her Mantua, or ſay that ſhe is a dear Woman, dreſſes moderately Pleaſing, and has a tolerable good Humour; but wonders ſhe'd be ſeen with ſuch a Gentleman, or that ſhe will be acquainted

with Unhappy, and Undiſcreet Miſtriſs ſuch a one, for it can no ways be to her advantage. The very Gentlemen that are Lewd with her are not at all beholden to her; for ſhe Rails at them, that no body elſe ſhould like them, or that ſhe might not be ſuſpected of liking them her ſelf; then ſhe'l flear to the Play, and can't ſit down for half an Hour after ſhe comes in, for making of Conges, her Acquaintance is ſo general, and yet declares in her Viſits, ſhe's as unacquainted with them, as a Lawyer will be to a Cauſe, when there is nothing to be got by it. She continues in pretty good Equipage for ſome Years, till her Perſon and that has had as much wearing as her Chamber-Maids Scarf, or an Old Communion Cloath in a Countrey Church. A little time after, ſhe perceives her Gallants abate their Reſpects, by pretending buſineſs, when ſhe has ſome for them; they ſleight her by telling her ſhe's grown the Refuſe of the Town, and bring it to an abſolute Quarrel, by laying a Diſeaſe to her Charge; then ſhe pretends to go off with flying Colours, as having left him, and ſo grieves, and keeps

keeps her Chamber, gives out the occaſion of it, is a dear Friend of hers that's dead; to carry on the humour, ſhe Sighs, and cries ah! ſhe was the beſt of her Sex; when the Town and ſhe knows, the true reaſon is, ſhe's Melancholly, diſſatisfy'd with her ſelf and the World, and Wiſhes that and her ſelf were in flames; In greater or more Violent ones ſhe could not, than perhaps ſhe's in her ſelf: and now ſhe's going off the Stage apace; for now ſhe is come full drive to the Jilting in Hackney-Coaches, and in a little time grows a Scandal to all the little reaking Petticoats, that frequent the Chocolate Houſe; and being paſt Pleaſure of pleaſing in her own Perſon, ſhe employs her ſelf in bringing People together, who want only an opportunity of Undoing one another. Bawds are now company for Women of Quality, and by their Garbs and dependance can't be diſtinguiſh'd. You muſt know, notwithſtanding her Nauſeous and Libidinous Life, ſhe has ſome little Reputation amongſt thoſe who are ſo Unhappy, as not to have heard of her; then in Company ſhe'l let nothing be men-

tion'd but the honourable Intrigues of her Younger Days, (tho' she never had any that was so) the many Adorers she has had, with the several effects, (as she would make you believe) of their desperate Passions, and by what Stratagems they us'd to obtain her Ladiships most Reserv'd affections: Oh! She's in her Kingdom when you talk of Love; yet never will allow any Modern Amour, to be brought into Comparison with those of her Days. At last she Marries a Soldier that beats her, first gets all she has (which is but little) and then Runs away and leaves her to the wide World; she Repents of her ill spent Life; makes a general Lamentation to all her Relations, who usually are of the best Quality; she finds nothing from them but Contempt, who scornfully cry, she's an Old Fool, and deserv'd her present unhappy Condition, for Marrying a Young Fellow, and a Soldier to boot: She goes off the Stage with a Reputation as rotten as her Person; passes the remaining part of her deplorable Life, in a tatter'd Old Mantua, carrying News about from one acquaintance to another, for a Meals Meat

Meat, or a Glass of Wine.——— This is uncorrect as it falls from my Fancy, and *I* wish it were better for your Diversion,

Yours, &c.

Alexander *is Acted to Day, being* Friday, *by Mr.* Betterton: *If you'l go in disguise I'll meet you there betimes, Pray send me word by Twelve a Clock if you will go, where you will sit.*

A Character of a Country Lady.

LETTER XXX.

YOU say I've a very ill Opinion of the Squires, a worse than they deserve, *I* can't; so that what already *I* have said of them is nearer to Praise, than what *I* could; and to their being deceiv'd in their Wives Fortunes, *I* could not suspect it, since the Kind Proverb protects them against all such Mischiefs; *I* wish my self in the Circumstance of their Estate, but *I* hardly envy any other of their Circumstances. *I* have Experimented none of their Misfortunes, (as you say) *I* generally prevent them at the Expence of anothers Unhappiness, not my own. Since my last, about a Country Esquire, gave you some Diversion, *I* hope this about a Country Lady in Town may be Receiv'd with equal Satisfaction: This Petticoat time has brought up abundance; according

according to the Antient and Laudable Custom amongst them; they lie conceal'd two or three Days, in which they Mob it about to their acquaintance, (whose unhappy time 'tis to be trac'd) and to the *Exchange* they go, or to *Round Court*; one place to know whether Comodes continue in that vast Height, or whether any alteration is made in them, since they had their last, those being worn out long since, by often washing: In the other, they go from Shop to Shop, and at last pitch upon the most Unfashionable, Gawdiest, Gayest Silk, which the Second-handed Mercer sells at an Under-rate, for fear her Allowance from her Father, the Broad or New Money she has pick'd up at Cards, or sav'd through Good Housewifery, will scarce reach to a better Priz'd one; Then she, to undervalue it, and so by consequence to lessen the Price, crys it Old Fashion'd, though a New one would not please her so well; then the Mother halls the Daughters by the Sleeve, as if she would carry them to another Shop; the Fellow knows they won't go, he tells them there is no fresher Silk in Town; he makes it up in a sort of Mantua Sleeve,

crys, did you ever ſee Colours better Mingled; Lord! How it ſets off the Complexion! ſure there can't be a better Natur'd Silk; the Mother crys to the Daughter, Do you like it? Does it pleaſe you? Yes, Madam, with a Courteſie; Well, ſays ſhe to the Fellow, pray Cut it off, good Meaſure pray, and you muſt bait the Odd Money; they Pack up their things, come to their Lodings, carry it to their Maid, and to the Miſtriſs of the Houſe, to ſhew their Pennyworth; they tell it coſt more than it did, to have the Reputation of affording it; If any happen to diſlike it, as very few do otherwiſe, they cry they've no fancy, and nothing can pleaſe them; they ſnatch it out of their Fiſts, and are angry; the Mother to appeaſe them, crys what's matter who likes it, you are to wear it Daughters. In all this Splendor, the firſt place they appear Ridiculous in is the Church, and by their ſhuffing and Puſhing get a good place in it: I muſt needs ſay they are more attentive at the Ceremony, than our Town Ladies are, becauſe they are more Cuſtom'd to't; they Sing Pſalms that you may hear their Untuneable Voices to the farther

ther end of the Church; they cry up the Man that Preach'd, for a very Learned Man, becauſe they don't underſtand him; they Impoſe upon ſome Young Fellow of their Acquaintance to carry them to a Play; they face it in the Box, with their Pockets and Hands full of Oranges, which they buy at the beſt hand out of the Houſe; they pull out their Handkerchiefs that either ſmell of Ill Soap, or *Lavender* and *Roſes*, and ſpread it over the Box to lean upon, to ſave their Ruffles or Sleeves: If they ſpy any Body they know, cry to their Mother, as if they were frighted; (Oh Leminis!) There is Mr. ſuch a one, ſhall I bow to him: he coming to them looks as ſilly as they do, and waits to the leading them out. They generally order their Maid with a Magazine of Sweetneſs to ſit under the Box, ty'd up in one of their Courſe Genting Handkerchiefs, to tell who they are, if any happens to ask. If the Maid happens to be Prettier than the Miſtriſs, ſome Gentleman or other talks to her, and ſhe with much Put-on-Coyneſs, and feign'd Scorn, crys, Lord you have miſtook the Woman, I am none:

none of that Lewd ſort; he finds her ſtink moſt Holiday-like of Oranges, and thinks her not worth his while, and leaves her. Theſe Ladies, when they are at Home, ſtand in the Balcony continually, as if they had taken no other part in the Houſe; Comes by ſome *Covent-Garden Beaux*, a general deſigner of Ruining Young Women, like's her, and let's her know it, gets her out upon an excuſe of ſhewing her the Queen, the Court, or *Bedlam*; Carries her out to ſome place, Debauches her as eaſily as he got her out. In a little time ſhe finds her ſelf with Child, trys all the tricks her Acquaintance can furniſh her to prevent it, but all in vain; is carry'd down in haſte into the Country; 'tis given out the Town does not agree with her, or that they are afraid ſhe'l get the Small Pox. She offer'd to the Perſon, with the Encouragement of a little Ready Money, or ſent to a Corporation Town to Match with ſome Alderman's Son; and theſe Misfortunes have happen'd very often to Country Miſſes. If my humour of Railing continues, and you have Patience enough, I may give you the

the Carriage or way of a Town Coquet; This is Juſt as Country Ladies behave themſelves in Town, found out by my Obſervation, and Illuſtrated but a little by my Invention. The length of this I'm afraid will tempt you to fling it by unread, Judging it not worth the loſs of ſo much time, as the reading it will require.

Yours.

To

To her Lover, a moment after his having left her.

LETTER XXXI.

I Begin to Write to you, as ſoon as you have left me. Could my Thoughts be taken up with any thing but you, in the moments that ſucceed thoſe which we have paſs'd together? Ah! My Dear! May I believe the Tranſports I have obſerv'd in you, as tender, and as ſenſible as mine. No, no living Creature ever had Tranſports like to mine, ſome Months paſt, and Love, in order to recompence my Sufferings, has made new Pleaſures for me. The Impreſſion they have made upon my Sences, is ſo Lively, that I have not dar'd to ſhew my ſelf to any body. It would be yet eaſie to read the Secrets of my Soul, but my Husband is juſt entring. Gods! It is very cruel to

to be oblig'd to ſee the Object of our Hatred in the moment we are parted from that we Love. I muſt recall the Fear and Modeſty which you had baniſh'd.

Letter XXXII.

Two Hours after it.

THE Converſation I have been forc'd to undergo, is the Thorn of Roſes. Good Gods, what can be more cruel, than to be oblig'd to Entertain a Man in cold Blood, when we are all in a Flame! Being full of you, and of the Remembrance of our pleaſures, What could I ſay to him? I told him in few words, that I had been in-diſpos'd all the Afternoon, and fell immediately to Singing; without minding the contradiction between thoſe Starts of Joy, and what I had juſt told him. How ſhould it be poſſible for me to be wiſe to day, and to think on any thing but you. But you, Dear Charmer, tell me how

how are your Thoughts imploy'd this moment. For my part I think on you, in the ſame Place, where you have ſworn an Eternal Conſtancy to me. Nothing can equal the pleaſure of triumphing thus over the Vigilancy of the Jealous. Heaven! what could equal their Rage, if they know our Happineſs. Yet in my Opinion, there is ſtill ſomething wanting to our Happineſs, ſince they have not the grief to know how we deceive them. Let us acquaint them with it to be reveng'd of them; but no, Let no body enter into the myſtery of our Pleaſures, beſides our ſelves. Let us uſe our utmoſt endeavours, that the World may forget us, as much as I have forgot it. I fancy the Univerſe contain but you and I, and I do no longer ſee any thing, but what relates to my Love. Farewel, Reflection increaſes real Pleaſures, and I am glad they ſhould appear in all my Actions.

LETTER XXXIII.

ARe your Brains turn'd ſince I ſaw you laſt; you then ſeem'd reaſonable to me, and now I find you the maddeſt and moſt unjuſt of Men. Have you forgot the Reaſons I have to deny what you deſire? Is it poſſible that you would hazard your Reputation and my Honour for a moment's Pleaſure? Ah! tho' they have not been capable to baniſh Love from my Heart, it is not reaſonable that the ſame Love ſhould Triumph abſolutely over them; and I am ſo perſuaded, that a Miſtriſs without Honour can have no Charms for a nice Lover, that you ſhall never prevail with me to do a thing that will abſolutely ruin my Reputation, in going to the place you propoſe to me. If I could but hazard my Life without my Honour, to ſee you, I would not ſcruple it one moment; my Paſſion is proof againſt

againſt any thing but Infamy: You will own it your ſelf, if I can be ſo happy that the Rendezvous of to Morrow may ſucceed. I tremble for fear of flatter-ing my ſelf in vain, with the pleaſure of ſeeing you alone. I expect it with a ſenſible impatience. Methinks, that ſince the Converſation we had laſt to-gether in the *Park*, I have not enter-tain'd you ſenſibly enough of my Love; I fancy I had a preſentiment of the long Silence, in which I was going to be con-demn'd. I never ſpoke to you more Tenderly, nor with more Boldneſs; for I own it to you, I often want confi-dence when I ſee you, I am only fa-miliar as yet with your *Idea*, *&c.* I ſay things to you, when I do not ſee you, which I dare no longer utter when you can hear them. Come then, Dear Tor-mentor, come to inſpire more bold-neſs in me, and to Triumph over a ſmall remainder of modeſty, which deprives you of hearing me ſay, What-ever can be inſpir'd by a moſt violent Paſſion, and which often coſts you the Grief of being oblig'd to upbraid me with being more Paſſionate in my Let-ters, than in my Converſation.

LETTER

LETTER XXXIV.

Madam,

YOU have (doubtleſs) the greateſt and juſteſt reaſon in nature, to encourage your deſire of Revenge; which, ſo far, as lies in me, I will be ſure to promote. You ſeem to be fully perſuaded that he loves me paſſionately, and I am really glad of it, for your ſake: For, this his fond miſtake ſhall be as much improv'd to his Torment, as I can contrive, or you deſire. But I am ſtrangely oblig'd to your Ladyſhip, For ſuppoſing and wiſhing, that I may be hapyy in the moſt ungrateful Monſter, that ever was ſent for the diſgrace and ruin of ſo many of our Sex. However, I find your wonted Good Nature;

Nature; or (perhaps) Chriſtian Charity begins to exert it ſelf on his behalfe. Since you ſeem not to deny there is a poſſibility that you ſhall hereafter endeavour to wiſh him happy. I am unwilling (Madam!) to diſcourage ſuch Religious and Pious inclinations in you; tho' I am perſuaded, that a like injury done to me, wou'd have brought upon his accurſed Head, all the real Plagues within my Prayers and Performances, even to his laſt gaſp: But there I wou'd leave him.

When next you are pleas'd to engage your ſelf in the trouble of an Anſwer to this; be pleas'd to ſend me poſitive and particular Orders, how I ſhall proceed in this Affair: For, if you truly Thirſt for Revenge, believe me, you ſhall not want it, ſince I will ſooner ſacrifice my ſelf to him, bound in the ſtrong and durable—— (What d'ye call 'em?) *Bonds of Matrimony.* This you muſt needs own, is none of the leaſt Indications of a ſincere Zeal for the ſervice of you; if not, of my ſelf: (unhappily) his Vanity (which you will by no means approve of) will be

apt

apt to flatter him, that it was intended in some measure for his sake. Strictly therefore consult your own most secret Inclinations; call 'em to a severe account, and advise with 'em what Instructions you had best send by the next, to

F. H.

LETTER.

Letter XXXV.

Madam,

I Am ſtill at a loſs to think what return I ſhall make you for ſo great an Obligation, as you were lately pleas'd to confer on me: I am ſure, to my ſorrow, there can be none proportionable to it in my capacity: No, not though I were the moſt Adorable Creature breathing, and ſhould grant you the utmoſt favour, you cou'd ask of me; ſuppoſing, as Heaven be praiſed that you are not! of t'other moſt Perfidious and Ungrateful Sex; ſo much I prefer the hopes of my Revenge on that Perjur'd Wretch to all other conſiderations whatſoever, here on Earth: O! He has ſo Vitiated my Inclinations, that I can relliſh no pleaſure but what proceeds from

from a proſpect of Revenge. This Paſſion is more advanc'd and unhappily, ſtronger in me than *ever* Love was, or cou'd be; becauſe it has more Reaſon to encourage it, and more ill-natur'd Circumſtances to back it, than that fooliſh miſtake of my Youth cou'd have had Obligations to enforce it. To you (*Madam*) I find, therefore, I am like to owe the greateſt ſatisfaction that my Soul can receive from Heaven, whoſe kind Inſtrument of this you may be to me: For he loves you moſt *ruinouſly*, to himſelf, I mean, tho' if you ſhould deſcend to any kindneſs for him, the ruin would undoubtedly prove your own. However, if by misfortune, he has, or ſhall hereafter give you any impreſſion of tenderneſs for him; I doubt not that you are ſo well arm'd by your own diſcretion, and by my miſerable Example, as well as by the hard fate of others, that you will defend and ſecure your ſelf from the danger of any aſſault or ſurprize. But if you muſt *needs* yield to his Vigorous and Fierce Attacks (for ſuch they are indeed) may it be, as I know it will, upon the moſt honourable conditions that you can propoſe;

and

and then, though you ſurrender, you will have an equal Victory; which may you ſtill maintain, and be for ever happy in him! Then (it may be) I ſhall endeavour to wiſh him the ſame happineſs with you: But all this is impoſſible, for he wou'd as certainly prove Ungrateful, tho' Married to you, Madam, as ever he was to

M. F.

LET-

LEETER XXXVI.

Sent to Madam G.

Dear Madam.

IF *Love* be the *Sweeteſt Paſſion* of the *Mind*, why cauſes it all theſe Convulſions of the Heart to us *Lovers*; Why am I on the *Rack* for you, there is not a *Moment* but I think on you and in *Dreams*, I have enjoy'd that long'd for Moment, but ſtriving to graſp that *Sweet Pleaſure*, it flew ſwifter than the Northern Wind; Oh! could I but have had the happineſs, that wretched Fate hath deprived me of, How much above a common Mortal ſhould I eſteem my ſelf? But you are reſolv'd to be loſt to me, as you told me when we were laſt together, and that I muſt not enjoy one happy Minute again. Oh! fatal cruel Love, Why haſt thou depriv'd me of that which is more dear than my Life and Soul, and the Sight of you, which is more to me than either,

and why all at once, as if you design'd to make a Bankrupt of me, or throw me into utter Ruine; I have no hopes left but this of your, of reserving one corner of your Heart, that you intend for one that should be absent from you; give me leave to make use of your own Words, tho' they are cruel, Heart-breaking ones, to one that loves you above the World, and all that's in it; I can't compare my self to any thing, except to a condemned Criminal, at the place of execution, that dallies with that which must put him out of pain; your unkindness may have done the work in Two days more; Let me hear from you, I expect my Sentence, or send me a Reprieve by a Letter, or I dye,

Your Martyr.

From St. James's.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

IT may be you will think I have taken time enough to consider of your Requeſt; but I muſt tell you, all the ground you have gain'd, is, that if I comply, it is purely as the unjuſt Judge did with the Widow, leſt you weary me with your importunity, and which will be too upon conditions, which if you agree to, I will no longer deny you. Firſt, you muſt promiſe me, that no Perſon whatſoever, without exception, ſhall ever know who *Silvia* is, but that if it be known you have any acquaintance with me, ſtill *Silvia* may remain undiſcovered; for if you viſit me, I will appear without diſguiſe to you, not underſtanding what belongs to Clandeſtine Aſſignations, nor having any fear you ſhould hear any thing wherewith to reproach me from my paſt Actions; this being the moſt Towniſh one I was ever

guilty of. Another thing I ſhall peremptorily ſtand upon, is, that I muſt know who you are, of whom, being you tell me I ſhall have the true account from your ſelf, I will enquire of no one elſe; yet will not I inſiſt ſo hard upon it, that you ſhould, (if you have any Reaſon to the contrary) ſend it me in Writing, if you engage to let me know it, without deceit, when I ſee you; for, I muſt tell you, that tho' I am not ſuſpitious by Nature, yet if I am once deceiv'd, I am loſt for ever, nor can I ever be brought to Truſt again. If you will Sign to theſe Articles, in my next you ſhall know when, and where you ſhall ſee *Silvia*.

You ask my Thoughts of a thing, the leaſt known and practiſed of any thing in the World, *viz.* Platonick Love, or Pure, Tender Friendſhip; that Denomination, I ſuppoſe, being only given it, when it is between Perſons of a different Sex; I confeſs, for a great while, my Ignorance, (while I judgé of others by my ſelf) made me think it, as the fineſt, ſo the eaſieſt thing in the World, but I have now got more knowledge of Mankind, and have fouud to my great vexation

vexation, that, that is the moſt fallacious way of Judging imaginable. Yet ſtill my Thoughts of that ſort of Love, (which I know is poſſible, tho' hardly practicable) are the ſame, nor do I think any other Love merits to be call'd by that Heavenly Name,

Only the Soul, 'cauſe that can Love again
Deſerve's a Love, Deſerve's a Lover's Pain.

And beſides, I think Friendſhip diſtinguiſhes us from Brutes, far more than our boaſted Reaſon does, in which, many Animals out-do the moſt of Men, and act with far greater Sagacity; But this Pure Divine Love, this Union of Souls, the Beaſts are not capable of; eſpecially, if ſtrictly maintained between a Man and a Woman, and exalts us ſo far above them, that it almoſt equals us with Angels; the very imagination has tranſported me above the Clouds, but I muſt deſcend to Earth again, and tell you, for all your pretences to it; I fear this Brutal Age will never furniſh us with one example of this Angelical State.

I am afraid, in my late vindication of my ſelf, I have done ſome prejudice to your Friend, which I ſhall be very

ſorry for, not deſigning any ſuch thing, and therefore I beg of you not to take this advantage, to break with him upon my account, he having done you no injury in the World; but when you reflect on his Faults, at the ſame time remember (if that will weigh any thing with you) that he was the occaſion of your knowing *Silvia*, who you profeſs to have a value for; and let him be upon his good behaviour, till he offend again, for I cannot endure to be injurious to any Perſon whatſoever. I have not aſſurance enough to impoſe a Name upon you; *Viridomar* is a Name uncommon, and one I Love, tho' I had rather you ſhould pleaſe your ſelf. But I muſt not forget how you are imploy'd, and therefore I will give you no farther interruption, but ſubſcribe my Self

Your Servant,

SILVIA.

Of

Of Friendſhip.

LETTER XXXVIII.

'TWas to prevent your loſing your Labour, as you did laſt Night, that I deſir'd to know before-hand of your coming; for my ſtay in Town being but ſhort, I am more abroad than I uſe to be.

As to the other Grievance you complain of, 'tis what I know not how to Redreſs; for the more I think of it, the worſe I like it. You would Impoſe a new ſort of Friendſhip upon me, I underſtand not, and which ſavours more of the Body than the Mind; I fear your Notions of Friendſhip are much too groſs for me; and by asking too great Liberties, you will teach me to deny all. An entire Confidence I own there muſt be, or it is no Friendſhip; but then that

muſt only relate to the Soul, of which there is no difference of Sex's, and not entrench upon Fleſh and Blood, and expoſe both my ſelf and Friend to a Temptation may be too hard to overcome; and in this I betray no greater a Diſtruſt of you than my ſelf; and tho' I think I am ſo well acquainted with my own Temper not to fear much on that ſide, yet I will not part with my Guard. Beſides, were I of a humour to grant ſuch Favours, Prudence would not permit it, till by long Converſe I had (if it were poſſible) found your Temper and mine to be alike. If you leave me to my ſelf I ſhall be as Free as Decency will allow; but if you perſiſt in theſe Demands, I ſhall be very ſhy, tho' I fear not turning a Friend into a Lover, for I am not cut out for a Miſtreſs.

As to what you have urg'd from Sir *William Davenant*'s Platonic Love, I ſhall only ſay, it may do very well in a Play, where the Repreſentation muſt always out-do the thing Repreſented: But ſhould any Woman Act in that manner, I know what wou'd quickly become of her Reputation; and ſhe that ſlights that has

has already Forfeited her Modeſty, and has but one ſtep to loſe her Innocence, and all that is valuable in Woman-kind.

In ſhort, if you wou'd be *Amilcar*'s Succeſſor, as you muſt avoid his Crimes, ſo you muſt Practice what was pleaſing to me in him; and there was nothing did more Indear him to me than his Compliance in this matter; for to give him his Due, I muſt acknowledge, that he never gave me cauſe to Chide him for his deſiring any thing I was unwilling to grant; and he has often Proteſted, that in my moſt Intimate Converſes with him, he never ſo much as thought I was a Woman. To Morrow I will be at home to receive you, and am if you pleaſe

Your

Friend,

SILVIA.

FINIS.

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F I N I S.